

Table of exchange rates for various countries including Abu Dhabi, Albania, Andorra, Australia, Austria, Belgium, Canada, Denmark, Finland, France, Germany, Greece, Hong Kong, Hungary, Iceland, India, Israel, Italy, Japan, Korea, Kuwait, Latvia, Lithuania, Luxembourg, Malaysia, Mexico, New Zealand, Norway, Oman, Poland, Portugal, Romania, Saudi Arabia, Singapore, Slovakia, Slovenia, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Taiwan, Thailand, Turkey, Ukraine, USA, and Zimbabwe.

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The IRA or Major: who makes the next move?

David Shearlock
Ireland Correspondent

THE IRA was under renewed pressure from London and Dublin last night to restore its ceasefire after its political wing, Sinn Fein, scored notable successes in Northern Ireland's elections to all-party talks.

Even as supporters of the Sinn Fein president, Gerry Adams, began to celebrate his overwhelming victory in the constituency of West Belfast, as well as overruling their Nationalist rivals in John Hume's SDLP in a number of seats, the British and Irish prime ministers were strongly resisting that the party could not take its place at the talks, due to begin in 10 days' time, unless the IRA ended its violence.

But the indication from Sinn Fein last night was that, if anything, the strength of its vote yesterday has not brought an IRA ceasefire any nearer.

"We have the mandate, the onus is now on the two governments," Mr Adams said. "Clearly the majority of people in West Belfast are Sinn Fein voters and they have the right to be treated on an equal basis as the voters in all other parts of this island and on the same basis as those who vote for all the other parties."

"You can't have a situation of imposing an election and then not respect the outcome. The IRA did not stand in this election. My focus between now and June 10 is to try and get John Major to accept the outcome of an election which he called. We have fulfilled every single thing which has been asked of us."

He was supported by the leading Republican, Gerry Kelly, who won a seat in North Belfast. "We went to the electorate and they gave us a substantial vote. John Major should recognise that."

Last night Mr Major hailed the elections as a "great boost" to the peace process and issued a direct appeal to the IRA to declare a fresh ceasefire. "The people of Northern Ireland have defied those who claimed they would not understand the reasons for the elections or the voting system," he said. "They have instead turned out in large numbers to vote for peace and democracy."

Winners

- John White, Ulster Democratic Party, is a life-sentence prisoner out on licence. He murdered Paddy Wilson, an SDLP senator in the upper house of the Stormont, and Mr Wilson's girlfriend.
- John McMichael, father of the leader of the UDP, Gary McMichael, was murdered by the IRA and is revered by the UDA as its greatest military and political leader.
- Gerry Kelly, a convicted IRA bomber who has been described as the IRA's adjutant-general, won in a seat in North Belfast for Sinn Fein.
- Dy Cruise O'Brien, former Dublin cabinet minister and a former editor-in-chief of the Observer, represents the United Kingdom Unionist Party.
- Monica McWilliams, a sociology lecturer at Ulster University, will be at the talks for the Women's Coalition of Northern Ireland, a cross-community grouping.

"Those parties which have established a commitment to exclusively peaceful methods will now be invited to nominate their representatives for the negotiations. I am confident they will pursue the search for peace rapidly and seriously."

"I hope the IRA will now heed this democratic vote for peace by declaring an unequivocal ceasefire, thus opening the way for Sinn Fein's representatives to take part in the negotiations with the other parties."

His comments were endorsed by the Irish prime minister, John Bruton, who warned Sinn Fein that "the qualification for participation in the talks have not been changed and will not change". But he added that there were grounds for optimism. Dublin is interpreting intense interest by Sinn Fein in the arrangements for the talks as a positive indication for a new ceasefire.

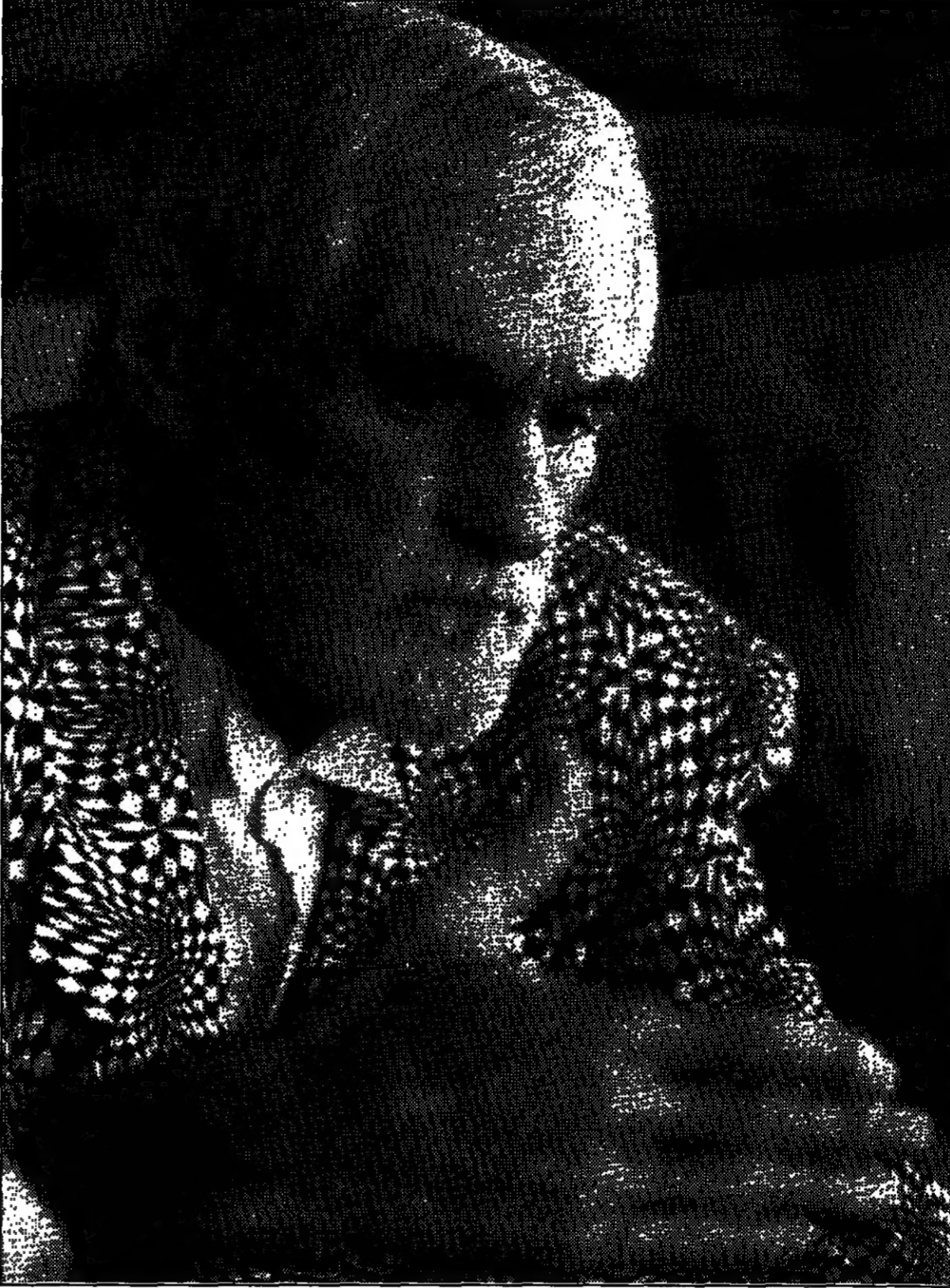
The SDLP leader, John Hume, added his weight to the two prime ministers' views. Mr Hume, who played a key role in persuading the IRA to call its last ceasefire in August 1994, said he hoped the IRA would now lay down its weapons forever.

He was speaking after Sinn Fein won 17 seats to the 110-member Northern Ireland Forum. Aside from some spectacular results in individual seats at the polls, the overall Sinn Fein share of the vote marginally improved from 12.4 per cent at the 1993 district council election to 13 per cent.

The nationalist SDLP still managed to finish in third place overall with 21 seats despite losing support to Sinn Fein. The Ulster Unionists finished first with 30 places, and Ian Paisley's hard-line Democratic Unionists performed strongly and ended up with 24 seats.

The election was a muted success for Ulster Unionist leader David Trimble, who originally suggested it.

Leader comment, page 14



Leary was diagnosed with terminal prostate cancer last year. 'I was really thrilled,' he declared. PHOTOGRAPH: AMY ETNA

'It's just his highest trip of all,' said an acolyte as Timothy Leary dropped out for good

Ian Katz in New York

HIS LAST words were "Why not?" and "Yeah". Followers of Timothy Leary, the psychedelic guru who urged a generation to "tune in and drop out", would not have been satisfied with any less.

Leary, aged 75, dropped out for good yesterday after a year long, very public flirtation with death. He had threatened to commit suicide on the Internet but in the end succumbed to cancer quietly at his Beverly Hills home.

"It's just his highest trip of all," said Carol Rosin, one of a handful of friends and acolytes who were at Leary's bedside when he died shortly after midnight. "I felt a very warm rush over me at the moment that it happened."

The former Harvard professor's ashes will be blasted into space along with those of the Star Trek creator, Gene Roddenberry. Leary cancelled a contract to have his head frozen by a cryogenics company, complaining "They have no sense of humour."

A graduate of West Point, Leary became an icon of the 1960s counter-culture when he and fellow psychology professor Richard Alpert (aka Baba Ram Dass) were thrown out of Harvard for experimenting with hallucinogenic drugs on their students.

He escaped from a California prison with the help of the Weather Underground, was chased around the globe by United States authorities for three years, and espoused the virtues of mind-altering drugs right up to his death.

In later years Leary appointed himself a prophet of the information revolution. "The PC is the LSD of the '90s," he declared.

After being diagnosed with terminal prostate cancer in turn to page 3, column 4

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Top executives boosted income by 19pc last year

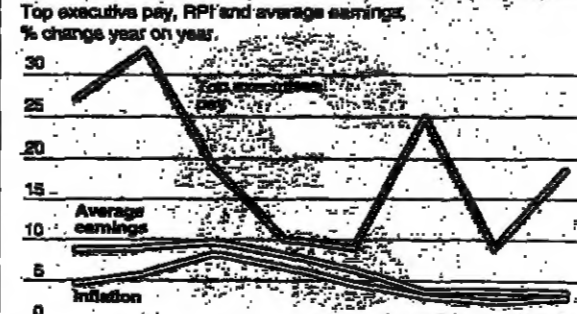
Lisa Buckingham and Sarah Whitebloom

THE Government is heading for fresh controversy over big pay rises in Britain's top companies after average earnings for leading executives soared by nearly 19 per cent last year.

That level of increase, revealed in the latest Guardian Index of Top Executive Pay, means the highest paid directors have seen their pay packets swollen at roughly five times the rate of inflation and average earnings.

The growth in boardroom remuneration took place during a year in which 25,000 jobs were shed by the 48 companies in the FTSE index of Britain's largest 100 groups which have so far published annual reports for 1996/98.

Top executive pay



The index reveals that Lord Hanson, whose company gives £100,000 a year to the Tory party, plunged down the pay league even though his salary increased to £1.37 million. The top 10 is dominated by high payers in the drugs and banking sectors.

It was also announced yesterday that Carol Galley, probably the most powerful woman in the City in her role as a fund manager with Mercury Asset Management, saw her remuneration last year soar by 33 per cent to more than £1.1 million.

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New tint to hairline decisions of Thatcher era

Gary Younge

TEAR Nicholas II had Rasputin, Bill Clinton has Hillary and Tony Blair has Peter Mandelson. But when it came to advice on one of her most far-reaching reforms Margaret Thatcher turned to her hairdresser and her cleaner: it was claimed yesterday.

Kenneth Baker, the former Education Secretary — nominally in charge eight years ago of the biggest education shake-up in more than 40 years — yesterday accused the former prime minister of having only an "inchoate idea" of what she wanted.

"On the curriculum she did have views, which as far as I could see came from her hair-

dresser or it may have been her cleaner who lived in Lambeth, who was worried that her children were going to be educated by a lot of Trots," said Mr Baker.

He recounted in an interview in the Times Educational Supplement how Lady Thatcher would spread confusion at committee meetings when she would arrive with two detailed briefs on what would become the 1988 Education Reform Act.

"She'd get one from the Cabinet Office and another from Brian Griffiths, head of her policy unit at No 10. Then sometimes she would open her handbag and bring out some rather tatty bit of paper which she had been sent by somebody, goodness knows

who. We never knew. Sometimes this rogue briefing was spotted on other times it was completely mad."

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Dunblane was 'planned for two years'

Erlend Clouston

THE massacre at Dunblane may have been planned two years in advance by Thomas Hamilton, the Cullen inquiry into the killings heard yesterday.

mercial contact had ended their last conversation with the words: 'I'm going back to my guns.'

War crimes trail nears Serb president as soldier admits to Bosnia massacre



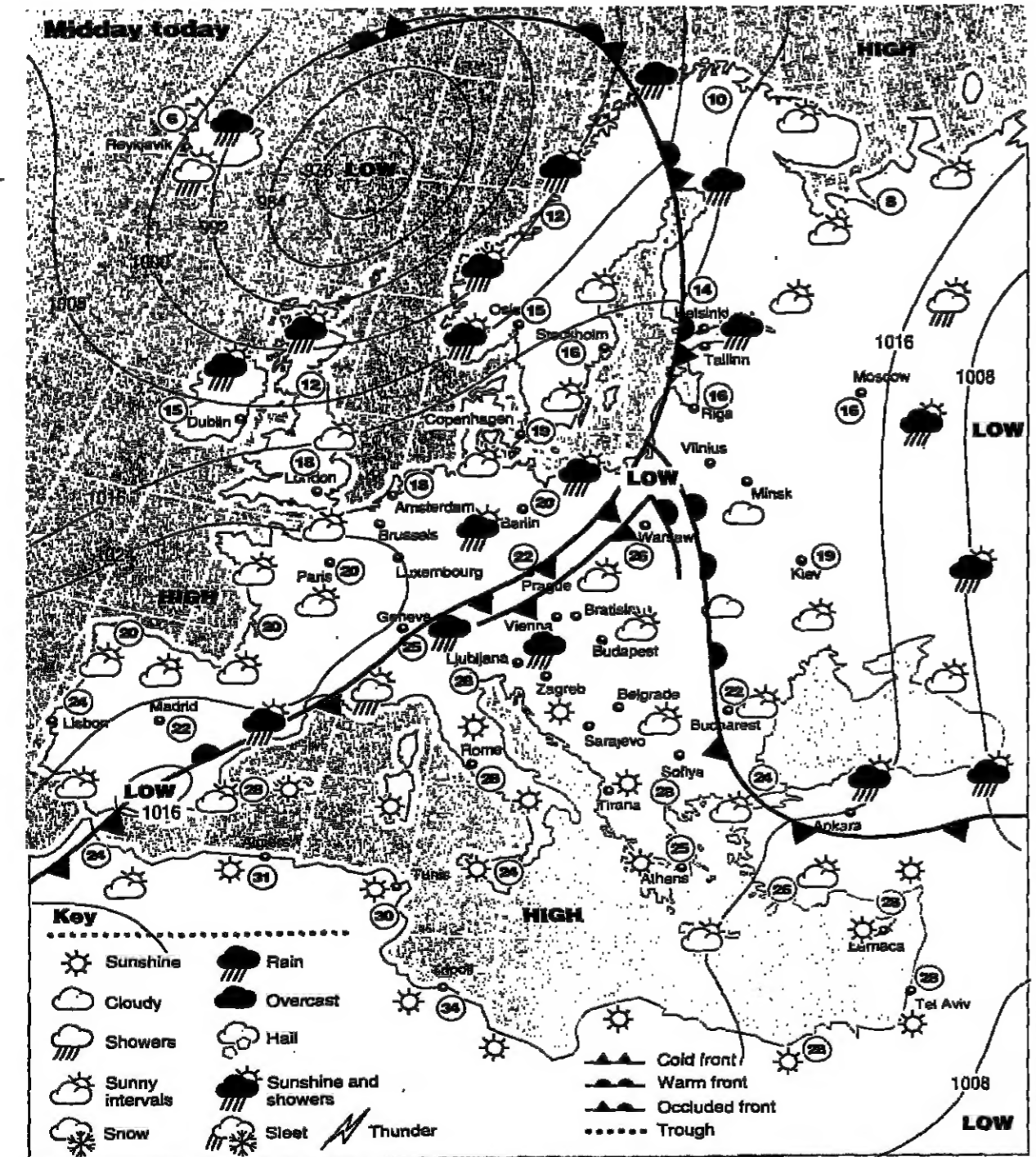
Drazen Erdemovic is led into the Yugoslav war crimes tribunal at the Hague yesterday

A participant in the Srebrenica killings is telling all at the Hague, writes Ed Vulliamy

THE Hague war crimes tribunal took a dramatic leap forward yesterday as a weeping soldier in the Bosnian Serb army pleading guilty to Europe's worst massacre since the second world war, at Srebrenica in July last year.

Gen. Mladic is already indicted for genocide over Srebrenica but Mr. Erdemovic is unaccused on any count. However, tribunal staff are investigating allegations that Srebrenica and other atrocities were specifically planned in Belgrade on Mr. Mladic's authority.

The weather in Europe



Forecast for the cities table with columns for city, today's weather, and tomorrow's weather.

Around the world table showing weather forecasts for various global locations.

Television and radio - Saturday

Television and radio schedule for Saturday, listing programs and their start times.

Television and radio - Sunday

Television and radio schedule for Sunday, listing programs and their start times.

Netanyahu at the... B

John Major 1996

Waldegrave breaks line on Europe

Patrick Wintour, Chief Political Correspondent

THE Treasury Chief Secretary, William Waldegrave, has become the first serving cabinet minister to hold out the prospect of Britain leaving the European Union, in direct contradiction to the Prime Minister's insistence that anyone making such a suggestion is living in cloud cuckoo land.

Mr Waldegrave claimed the jury was still out on Britain's EU membership, adding "it is not madness to say we could be outside the EU".

The Treasury and Mr Waldegrave immediately mounted a damage limitation exercise claiming his remarks were being wrenched out of context and that he merely stated it was legally possible for Britain to be outside Europe.

been taken out of context, the most charitable interpretation would suggest he was a victim of his infelicitous phrasing as he answered questions live. The full text clearly showed him holding out the possibility of Britain leaving the EU.

Only last month, in a speech to the Institute of Directors, John Major ruled out leaving Europe, an idea floated by Norman Lamont, the former chancellor. Mr Major said: "The idea of becoming a trading haven on the edge of Europe when others fix the rules without any regard to our self-interest is living in cloud cuckoo land. We are in Europe and we are staying there."

However, Euro-sceptic John Redwood welcomed what he said was Mr Waldegrave's "recognition that we have a debate on Europe".

Menzies Campbell, the Liberal Democrat foreign affairs spokesman, said: "The infection of anti-Europeanism is breaking out all over the Cabinet."

The shadow foreign secretary, Robin Cook, commented: "It seems as if Mr Waldegrave is living in cloud cuckoo land. Perhaps this gives John Major an early opportunity to join him there."

Mr Cook also called on the Foreign Secretary, Malcolm Rifkind, to sign a joint statement as part of a bipartisan appeal to stop the language of jingoism and xenophobia in the run-up to the European football Championships.

The draft statement depicts a description of the def-ban as a war and "regrets the speeches, comment and cartoons which have set out to insult the nations with whom we are in negotiation. We will not persuade Germans to buy British beef by refusing to appreciate the work of German composers".

Mr Waldegrave's remarks come days before the Chancellor, Kenneth Clarke, travels to Brussels to block a series of directives as part of the Government's campaign.

However, Mr Waldegrave speaking on the BBC's Question Time, appeared to go further. He said: "The nub of the issue is whether we are now finding issues that so grate in terms of our independence and our sovereignty that Europe is impossible for us. I think the jury is still out on that. It is not madness to say we should be outside Europe."

"Of course Britain can be outside the European Union if it wanted to be."

He added: "It is greatly to its interests that it should be in the EU, if it's the right kind of EU."

The Chief Secretary, reflecting his former pro-European views, also said he had expected at the time of the referendum in 1975 that the EU would be a Europe of nations retaining their ultimate sovereignty. Such a Europe could still exist but "if it became clear that there was an overwhelming consensus within other countries in the present EU that they wanted to go for a full Liberal Democrat federalism, then I think Britain is going to stand aside from that because I don't think we want that".

Although Mr Waldegrave later claimed his remarks had



Ben Davis, barmen at the Soho House Club, feeds Lucy Burne a Flaming Lamborghini. 'I'm not going to take my clothes off,' she said

PHOTOGRAPH: KIPPA MATTHEWS

Venables kicks off Euro 96 with warning to players



Eyes glazed like Gazza — after a night at a Hong Kong club

Team to be quizzed on plane damage and drunken antics as they gather for competition

John Duncan Sports Correspondent

TERRY Venables, the England football coach, will gather his squad together at 9.30pm tomorrow as they arrive at their Buckinghamshire Euro 96 headquarters to ask what happened during the overnight flight from Hong Kong and why they allowed themselves to be seen drunk and dishevelled in public two weeks before the start of the competition.

Paul Gascoigne has already told Venables by telephone that he was not the only one involved in the incident on the Cathay Pacific plane in which two television screens and a table were damaged. The airline says the incident could cost it £10,000.

Venables will also outline tomorrow the disciplinary

regime he expects to be followed to avoid the embarrassment of further photographs such as those from the China Jump club that showed Gascoigne and other players drunk and behaving outshy.

A passenger who caught the same terminal bus as three England players, including Gascoigne, claimed that they were sober before the flight. "There was no way in the world that they were drunk then," said Paddy Grey. "Gazza was actually extremely friendly."

Another passenger at Heathrow said: "I was standing next to him as he picked up his bags off the carousel and there was no way he was drunk then. He just said 'Right then, that was a good trip'."

Despite the Government's campaign against job cutting, neither Iain Sproule, the Sports Minister, nor Virginia Bottomley, the Heritage Secretary, were prepared to comment.

The Labour Party's shadow minister for sport, Tom Pender, was also unavailable. He is in Hong Kong promoting British tourism.

The Labour Party's shadow minister for sport, Tom Pender, was also unavailable. He is in Hong Kong promoting British tourism.

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How to get Gazza'd with the help of a friendly barmen, a blend of liqueurs, a straw and £9

Andrew Anthony

"YOU'RE going to regret this," warned Ben Davis, barmen at London's fashionable Soho House club. Lined up before me were two glasses of vivid coloured liquid and a saucer of cinnamon that together looked more like a chemical experiment than something you might drink in convivial company.

What I was looking at were the component parts of a Flaming Lamborghini, the cocktail that, owing to Paul Gascoigne's reputedly forthright approach to Cathay Pacific's in-flight entertainment, has gained instant notoriety.

Could one drink be the cause of so much outrage, accusation and damage to cotton shirts and those fold-out TV sets in business class?

"It's serious hangover material," said Ben.

"What, just one?"

"Oh, yeah," he said, lighting a "B52" base mix of kaluha, sambuka, galliano and Baileys and pouring on to it the "twist", an unsightly green concoction of Creme de Menthe and more Baileys, while at the same time sprinkling the cinnamon over it. It looked impressive.

I rapidly sucked down the burning cocktail from a straw. In the China Jump Bar, Hong Kong, where members of the England team relaxed after their punishing game with the local XI, this task is made less demanding by use of a dentist's chair in which the thirsty recipient is strapped and forced to drink by a member of staff.

As the hot juice hit the back of my throat, I noticed a number of effects. First, a warm glow somewhere along my spine, momentarily afterwards a not unpleasant sensation of my brain shrinking ever so slightly and, finally, the realisation that coherent sentence structure might, in the immediate future, prove unacceptably ambitious. In a word, Gazza'd.

In Hong Kong, a Flaming Lamborghini sets you back £8 a shot; at the Soho House, Ben thought, you couldn't get one for less than £9. He was not sure because he had never made one before in his five years of tending bar, as no one had ever requested it. "I think it's a holiday drink, really," he explained.

Eager to repeat the experience, we looked around for volunteers. A group of trendy young men sitting at the bar, who held strong opinions about the future of English football, declined to indulge. Similarly, next door a clutch of video-makers, all male, cited workload as an excuse. In the end two women came to the rescue. Amanda Nunn,

a sales rep for a printing firm, downed the brew without fuss. "Um," she said, "I feel quite comfortable with it." Did she, by any chance, detect an urge to loosen a mini-TV from its moorings? "No," she said, "but I wouldn't want to drink a lot of them."

Lucy Burne, a project manager with a graphic design company, was initially less articulate in her response. "Whooh!" she yelled, after sipping her glass dry. Then, "Ooh" and "Wow" before concluding, in what I took to be an ironic reference to Graham Taylor, "Do I like that."

"But I'm not going to take my clothes off," she announced, should any onlookers get the wrong idea. "Although," she added, "I might think about it."

Will the Flaming Lamborghini prove to be a storm in a cocktail glass or the ideal summer refreshment for those eager to remove excess clothing? The answer, one senses, will soon be pouring forth from Benidorm to Rimini.

Wilson attracted the attention of the management by throwing ice cubes to the alligators

IN 1984 it wasn't Hong Kong. It was Hendon. And it wasn't Terry Venables who had to carpet his players, it was Alf Ramsey, writes John Duncan.

The England team were billeted in north London, waiting to go to Portugal for a friendly. Ramsey imposed the usual 10pm curfew, but six players — Gordon Banks, Jimmy Greaves, Bobby Charlton, Johnny Byrne, Ray Wilson and George Eastham — decided to take a chance.

They headed into the West End to a cocktail bar called the Beachcomber where the specialty was a lethal cocktail called the Zombie and

which featured a tank of live baby alligators. No photographers recorded the scene but Wilson attracted the attention of the management by throwing ice cubes into the alligator tank.

When they got back to their rooms at 3am each player found his passport and plane ticket laid neatly out on his bed. Ramsey had been roused and left a signal of his wrath — if they did it again they would be out.

When they got to Portugal they won 4-3. All the goals were scored by stop-outs, a hat-trick for Byrne and one for Charlton.

Yesterday the boys of 88 would not condemn today's players. "I don't want to talk about it," said midfielder Nobby Stiles. "I've had enough of all that hype. I just want to let the lads get on with it."

Jimmy Greaves recalled: "Ramsey would join in with the lads for a drink but never until a job was complete."

continued from page 1
January 1995, he declared: "I was really thrilled because I knew that this was the beginning of the most fascinating part of my life."

A procession of friends and cronies including Yoko Ono and Tim Robbins visited him during what became a protracted living wake. Less celebrated followers could monitor Leary's progress on his own world wide web page.

One day last month his page reported that his "average daily input of neuro-active drugs" over the period of a week included 50 cigarettes, one marijuana joint, two lines of cocaine, 12 balloons of nitrous oxide and 0.45cc of ketamine.

Yesterday Leary still appeared on his web page, wearing a crimson and yellow waistcoat and holding what may or may not be a cigarette. But a brief message announced: "Timothy has passed..."

Netanyahu gives thanks at the Wailing Wall

Derek Brown in Jerusalem

BINYAMIN Netanyahu was yesterday anointed prime minister-elect of Israel, in the culmination of an extraordinary electoral upheaval which has deeply divided the nation and raised grave doubts about the future of the Middle East peace process.

The Likud leader was finally declared the winner by a margin of less than 1 per cent in the country's first direct election for prime minister on Wednesday. He took 50.4 per cent of the vote, against 49.5 per cent for the incumbent, Shimon Peres. Aged 46, Mr Netanyahu will be Israel's youngest leader.

The announcement came barely an hour before the onset of the Jewish sabbath, when by tradition even secular minded politicians like the prime minister-elect put aside their work.

Mr Netanyahu had little time to do more than fulfil his promise to pray at the Western Wall in Jerusalem, the last remnant of the Second Temple, and Judaism's holiest shrine.

But already senior lieutenants have talked of halting the next planned stage of the peace accords with the Palestinians, the partial withdrawal of Israeli occupation forces from the West Bank town of Hebron. Last night, the Palestinian president, Yasser Arafat, summoned his self-rule authority to an unscheduled meeting in Gaza City to discuss the new situation.

Mr Netanyahu will next week begin to build a governing coalition in the 120-seat Knesset (parliament). Voters have complicated his task by spurning Labour and Likud and boosting a clutch of new factions and religious groups.

The final tally of parliamentary votes gives Labour, still

led by Mr Peres, just 34 seats. Likud has been reduced to 32, of which 10 have gone to his electoral allies, Tsomet and Geshar. The third biggest party is the mainly Sephardic (eastern Jewish) Shas, with 10 seats. The National Religious Party and the leftist Meretz each have nine. A new party representing Russian immigrants has seven.

Another leftist, mainly Arab, group has five seats. The religious faction United Torah Judaism, the centrist Third Way and the United Arab List each have four. Moledet, a far-right faction, has two.

From these groups Mr Netanyahu will have little difficulty finding the 65 or so members he needs to consolidate his grip. But the price could be high, with the smaller parties demanding their share of posts.

Orthodox celebrates, page 6; An ego rises, page 13; Martin Wooliscott, page 14

Psychedelic guru Timothy Leary drops out for good

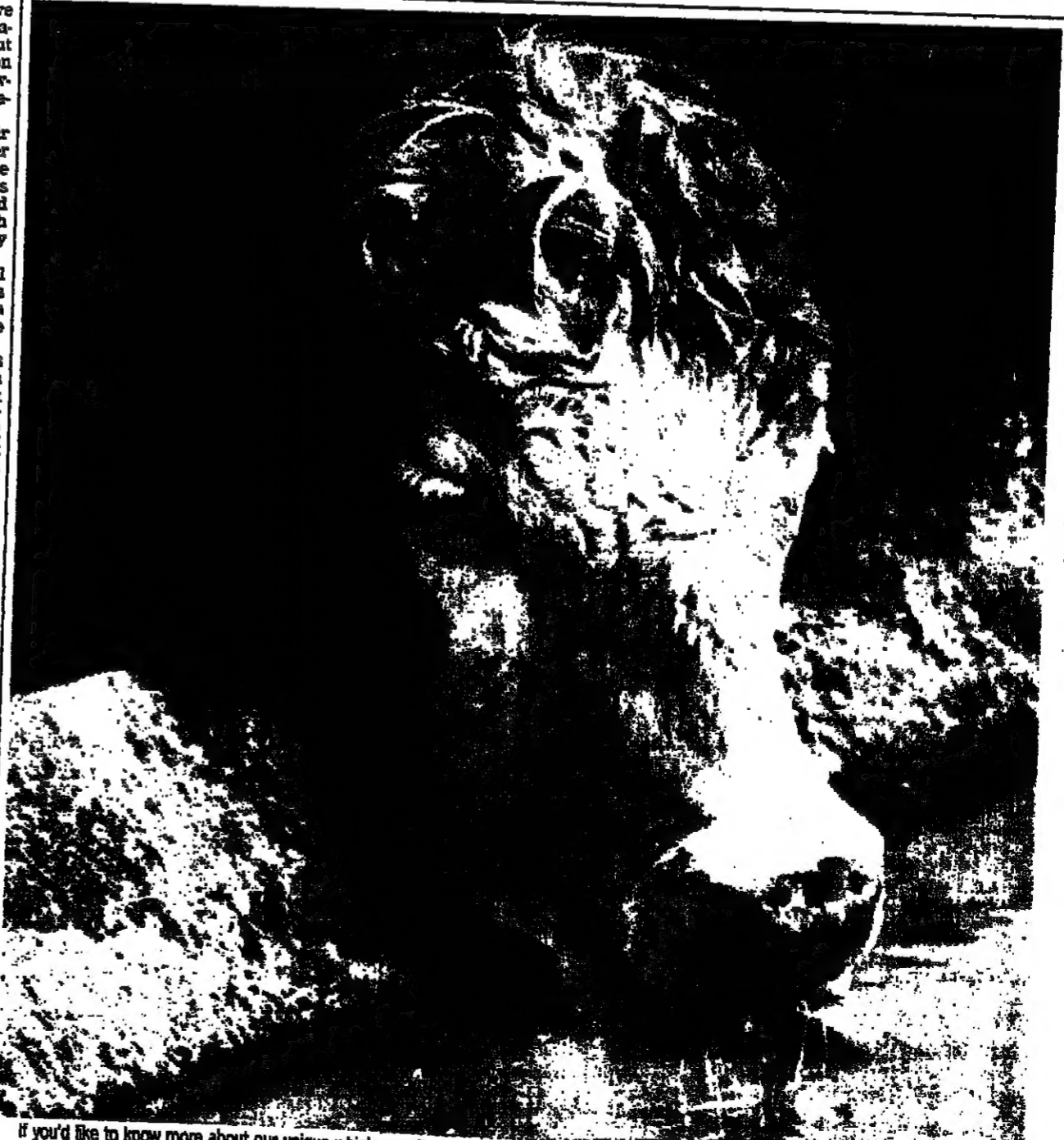
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JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY

It seems to me that a studio, when being used, is much more like a stomach; a place of digestion, transformation and excretion, where images change form and where everything is both regular and unpredictable.

John Berger

Outlook page 19

Dozens of measures face veto even if byproducts ban is lifted □ Rifkind to start more conciliatory talks as Major tries to force pace

Britain to block EU moves it favours

Beef war threatens fight against fraud and racism

Stephen Bates in Brussels

THE Government's beef war with the European Union will reach new heights of absurdity next week with ministers forced to block agreements on racism, workplace rights for women, and even the fight against fraud in the EU.

In a series of ministerial meetings in Luxembourg on Monday and Tuesday, a succession of ministers ranging from the European Home Secretary, Kenneth Clarke, to the European Agriculture Secretary, Michael Howard, will block dozens of measures which the Government has previously said it accepts.

together and agree a common position before the summit, which Mr Major has threatened to disrupt unless he gets his way.

While British ministers have accepted they will not get a timetable agreed for lifting the ban, they are working on a framework for a five-step programme towards easing restrictions.

Officials are proposing the ban should be lifted progressively on calves born after March 29 this year, when the Government announced full enforcement of restrictions on animal feed, then on meat from animals under 30 months of age.

The next steps would be to lift the ban on animals reared said it accepts. The tactic will be adopted even if Douglas Hogg, the Agriculture Minister, secures agreement from fellow agriculture ministers in another part of the same building to lift the ban on the export of British beef byproducts such as gelatine, tallow and semen.

ment will circulate a dossier outlining the measures it is taking to eradicate BSE at Monday's meeting. Meanwhile, however, the ministerial non-co-operation policy will continue, with varying degrees of enthusiasm.

Mr Howard, one of the Cabinet's most enthusiastic Eurosceptics, has even decided to hold a press conference in London on Monday gleefully to announce the measures he will be blocking. Normally such a briefing would be handled by departmental officials.

Mr Howard could disrupt the whole agenda of home affairs and justice ministers on Tuesday — including proposals on anti-terrorist co-operation originally put forward by Mr Major.

The Home Secretary will certainly maintain Britain's two-year-long block on setting up Europol, the joint police intelligence gathering agency, and will veto its budget. He will also prevent agreement on the protection of minors under the Hague Convention, and on action against fraud and corruption.



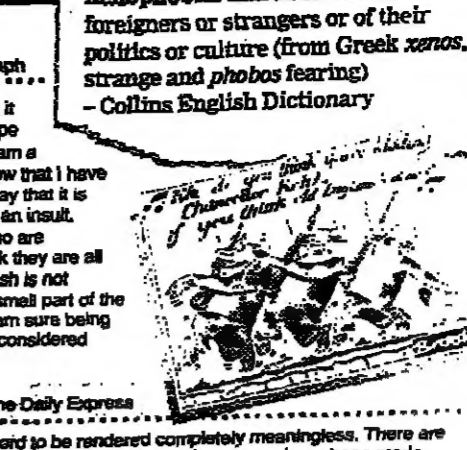
Michael Howard, one of the Cabinet's most enthusiastic Eurosceptics, will gleefully announce the measures

A Great British tradition

Charles Moore Editor of the Daily Telegraph
"People like Mr Santer find it convenient to confuse Europe with the European Union. I am a European but it doesn't follow that I have to support the EU. People say that it is xenophobic because that is an insult. There are a lot of people who are Eurosceptics but I don't think they are all xenophobic. Being pro-Britain is not xenophobic and it is only a small part of the British who think it is. I am sure being pro-France in France is not considered xenophobic."

Richard Aldrich Editor of the Daily Express
"Xenophobia is the latest word to be rendered completely meaningless. There are a number of words in the English language that, since the war, have been made meaningless because they are used by people who disagree with you to say your position is worthless. Words like heroic, sexist, fascist, unsexed, reactionary.
The latest blanket word is Xenophobia. They have all become labels. It appeals to people with lazy brains. That is why it appeals to Kenneth Clarke because he is brilliant but lazy."

Xenophobia: hatred or fear of foreigners or strangers or of their politics or culture (from Greek xenos, strange and phobos fearing) — Collins English Dictionary



Xenophobia down the years

William Pitt the Younger prime minister (1759-1806)
"I'll not let that [ref] [of Europe]; it will not be wanted these ten years" (1806)
Evelyn Waugh, novelist (1903-1982)
"You never find an Englishman among the underdogs — except in England of course."
Quentin Crisp, gay author (1908-)
"I don't hold with abroad and think that foreigners speak English when our backs are turned."
Robert Morley, actor (1908-1992)
"France has for centuries blocked our way to Europe. Before the invention of the aeroplane we had to step over it to get anywhere."

Nicholas Ridley, Conservative minister (1929-1993)
"This [the EU] is all a German racket designed to take over the whole of Europe. It has to be thwarted."
One Englishman can beat three Frenchmen
English proverb.



Kenneth Clarke, a Europhile, is expected to block moves to improve financial security in the European Union

Time is running out for reaching an agreement before this month's summit in Florence

on grass or from BSE-free herds, then on the export of animals to countries which do not have re-export agreements to the EU, such as South Korea, Malaysia and Indonesia, so that there is no danger of British meat surreptitiously finding its way back into Europe. Finally the ban would be lifted on the export of embryos.

As an initial inducement to member states to lift the byproducts ban, the Government will circulate a dossier outlining the measures it is taking to eradicate BSE at Monday's meeting. Meanwhile, however, the ministerial non-co-operation policy will continue, with varying degrees of enthusiasm.

Press offensive by pro-Europeans

Patrick Wintour and Ruaridh Nicoll report as Chancellor enters the fray on Santer's side

PRO-European politicians and businessmen, worried by the Euro-sceptic tide in the British press, will launch a large pro-European advertising campaign this autumn. Fund-raising is being organised by the European Movement.

pro-Europe campaign in any referendum, has had its annual funding boosted by a six figure grant last year from David Selousbury, enabling it to hire extra staff, including press officers, researchers, and a director of communication, David Vigar.

The former BBC Today producer is charged with intervening in the day-to-day media debate on Europe and prominent politicians like Edwina Currie, Charles Kennedy, Emma Nicholson, Peter Mandelson, Quentin Davies, and Giles Radice are now regularly being enlisted to get to the microphone before the sceptics.



European Commission president Jacques Santer, whose xenophobia claims have been backed by Kenneth Clarke

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Prisoners switch from soft to hard drugs

Duncan Campbell Crime Correspondent

PRISONERS are switching from soft to hard drugs to avoid detection in mandatory drug testing according to research published this week. Because cannabis remains longer in the system prisoners have changed to heroin, which is detectable for a much shorter time.

that testing would "send a powerful message to prisoners that drugs will not be tolerated in prison". Each prison randomly tests 10 per cent of its inmates monthly. The prisoner is taken to a sampling site by two prison staff for a supervised urine test. The inmate can be detained for up to five hours and can then be charged with refusing to give a sample.

Druglink, the journal of the Institute for the Study of Drug Dependence, show that fears of a large-scale switch from cannabis to opiates (mainly heroin) have been realised. Over the first year of testing, positive opiate findings have increased significantly. While, at the start of testing, opiates accounted for an average of 9 per cent of the positive tests, by last October they accounted for 14 per cent, increasing to 16 per cent in the latest months. At the same time cannabis positive tests have dropped.

Water scheme may be 'cheap option'

Consumer group says Yorkshire is avoiding long-term solutions

Peter Hetherington

YORKSHIRE Water's £40 million plan to pipe water from Britain's biggest reservoir was described yesterday by a consumer group as a cheap alternative which would not solve long-term problems.

Yorkshire Water Watch, the consumer group, claimed yesterday that the scheme represented a cheap alternative which would mean "canalising" part of the Wike, with serious threats to river banks, beds, plant and fish life.

Yorkshire Water said it planned to have the project working by the autumn as an emergency back-up if there was insufficient rainfall this summer. It had spent £130 million since last summer on a more flexible distribution system, with new pipelines and pumping stations, and was confident it could meet demand. But all the company's 1.3 million consumers still face a hosepipe ban for the foreseeable future.

Dead girl's father speaks of his hatred

Press Association

THE father of 10-year-old Katie Dougal, who died after a general anaesthetic given during dental treatment, yesterday spoke of his anger toward the anaesthetist in the operation after an inquest jury ruled his child had died accidentally.

the anaesthetist, Dr Tatas Kumar Basoo: "I hate him. I have no time for him." Mr Quinn and Katie's mother, Patricia Dougal, 29, have lodged a civil claim for compensation against the anaesthetist.

shire, last January. She required the treatment after a school playground accident. The Derby inquest jury was told the anaesthetist had continued with the operation despite faulty equipment.

Murdered Briton may have been Mafia victim

Stephen Bates in Brussels

BELGIAN police believe that a British businessman found murdered in a wood near Ostend this week may have been the victim of a drugs-related Mafia execution.

bushes by schoolchildren. He had been shot twice, in the head and neck, and a spent cartridge had been left lying on his body — reputedly a sign of a Mafia execution, though a police spokesman admitted the cartridge could have landed there by chance.

paper stories about crime, police are investigating suggestions that Mr Mitchell may have been acting as a drug courier because of financial worries. It is believed that he had no police record but newspapers are suggesting he had recently travelled extensively on the Continent.

Ministers in mortgage climbdown

Teresa Hunter

THE threat of repossession has been lifted from hundreds of thousands of homeowners after a government climb-down over wrong mortgage benefit payments.

In a confidential memorandum the Benefit Agency has told local offices not to recover overpayments until an appeal has been heard against a High Court ruling that the practice was illegal.

Many owners claiming benefit to cover their mortgage interest repayments are initially given too much. On discovery of overpayments, the Benefits Agency has in the past switched immediately to paying people too little in order to claw back the money.

This pushed many people further into arrears and put them at risk of losing their homes.

The problems arise because neither the lender nor borrower can check the calculations made by the Department of Social Security.

Borrowers making up the shortfall on their monthly repayment are unwittingly failing to meet their full share of the mortgage commitment.

Benefits claimants have no means of meeting mortgage bills of thousands of pounds,

when the errors come to light. In the High Court Mr Justice Brooks ruled that the Social Security Secretary, Peter Lilley, had acted illegally when he recovered mortgage interest which had been overpaid to Michael Golding, of west Wales.

The DSS was confident the court's decision would be overturned at appeal. However, it has now altered its procedures, even though the appeal will be held this month.

In a confidential memorandum sent to local offices, the agency says: "Solicitors and legal counsel have now advised that recovery under the existing procedure cannot always be sought."

The memorandum tells local staff to write instead to the mortgage lender and ask for the money to be returned. However, lenders have deep reservations that such repayments could be legally made.

A DSS spokesman said yesterday: "Until and unless there is a successful appeal, we have decided we cannot automatically recover the money as we had been doing."

"We also believe there is no reason why borrowers should be evicted while these matters are being sorted out."

Battle rages on home loans front, page 21

University orders 'racist' to modify his teaching style

Gary Young

THE Edinburgh lecturer who said he was proud to be a "racist" was yesterday ordered to modify his teaching style following an inquiry by the university.

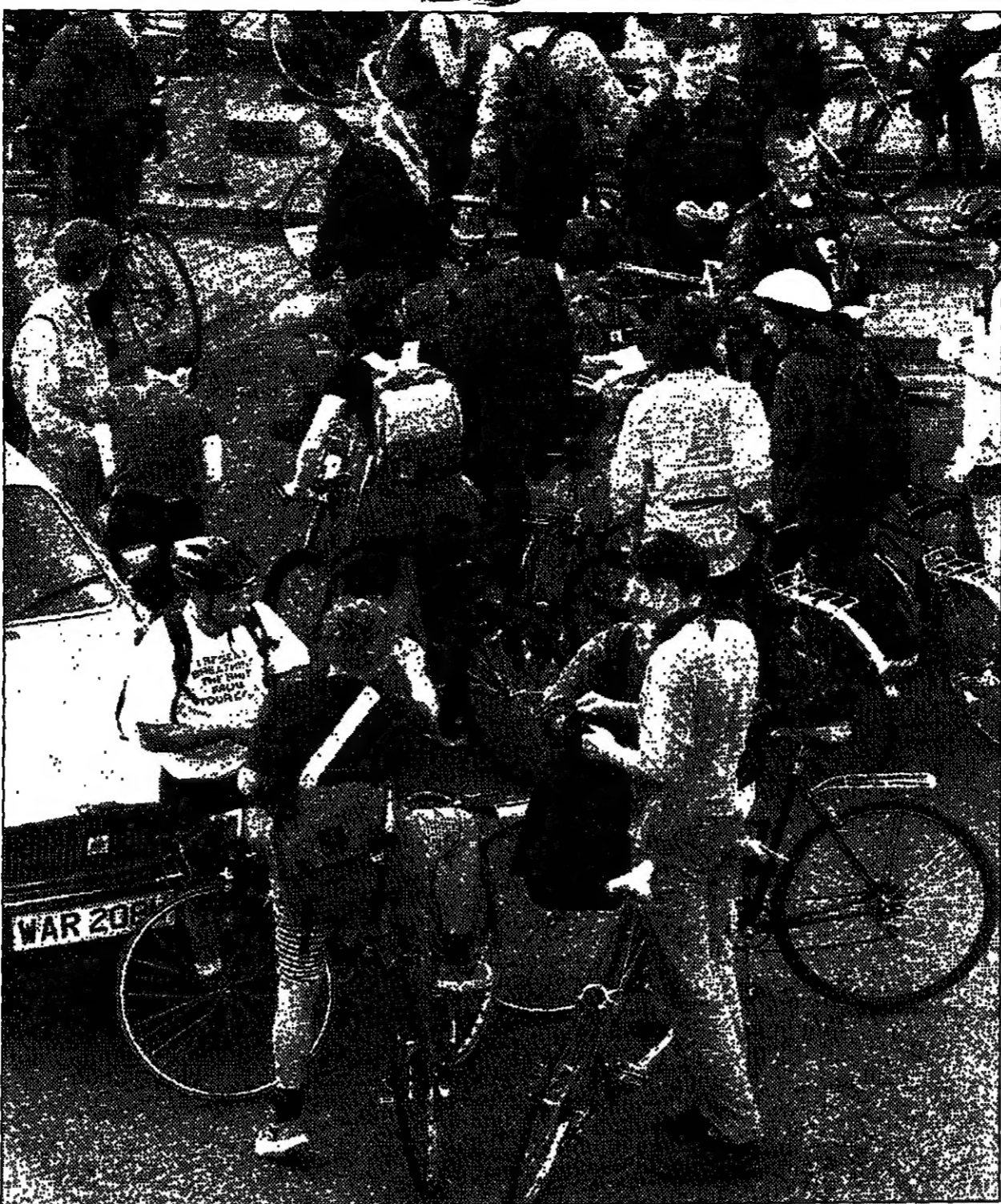
Christopher Brand, whose book, *g Factor*, was withdrawn by his New York publishers in April, has claimed that black people are genetically less intelligent than white and that single mothers should be encouraged to mate with higher IQ males to widen the gene pool.

The inquiry, prompted by several complaints from his students and the general outcry over Mr Brand's remarks, found that Mr Brand had not reached a competent standard of teaching where either balance in presentation or his

relationship with students was concerned. The inquiry concluded that Mr Brand, a psychology lecturer, who had been at the university 26 years, remained fair and impartial when assessing students' work. If he does not comply with the recommendations in the inquiry — which will include taking further teacher training — he could face disciplinary action.

Students have complained Mr Brand is often insulting and took offence at a questionnaire he circulated asking "what were the best things about the best lover and the best sex you ever had".

Mr Brand yesterday said he had no intention of taking further teacher training and described the university's reaction as "absolutely disgraceful".



Cyclists gather to campaign for improving their rights on the roads

PHOTOGRAPH: GRAHAM TURNER

Cyclists ride new high in popularity

Alex Beiles

CONFIDENCE among bicycle campaigners is at an all-time high because of the success of a network of militant rallies and a growing belief that the Government has finally accepted their arguments.

As National Bike Week starts today, the country's largest and oldest cycling organisation claims that bike use is increasing for the first time in more than a decade.

The Cyclists' Touring Club says there has been a sea change in public attitudes towards cycling since 1991, when the Government discouraged cycling for fear road accidents would increase.

While the bike groups formed the Cycle Public Affairs Group (CPAG) as an official body to co-ordinate policy, the cause has been greatly helped by the spread of Critical Mass rallies, the radical edge of bicycle activism.

There are now 34 towns and

cities in the UK which have a monthly Critical Mass event, most starting around 8pm on the last Friday of the month and involving up to several thousand cyclists. The idea is for a "bike party" to ride along an unplanned route, not stopping at red lights and making lots of noise. The reality is serious disruption to rush-hour traffic, with occasional violence between cyclists and infuriated drivers.

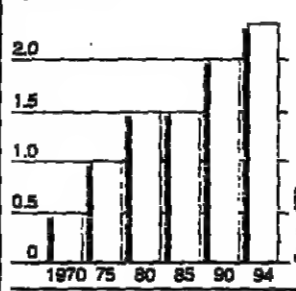
At the opposite end of the spectrum, Sir George Young, the Transport Secretary, yesterday launched the pro-bicycle Don't Choke Britain campaign, which urges drivers to use farms of transport other than cars. This comes a month after the transport green paper set a target of doubling cycle use by 2002, and shows that the Government is committed to lessening Britain's dependence on cars.

Colin Graham, CTC transport policy and planning officer, said: "We hoped for, but never expected, the Government to turn around so quickly. I think it is the result of being faced with huge problems of congestion, health and pollution. In all these areas it makes sense to encourage bicycle use."

Fiona Clark, of the London Cycle Campaign, said: "Things have definitely changed. Cyclists are now being listened to. Cycling is becoming more acceptable. The CTC has been instrumental in bringing together an unprecedented number of agencies, including several government departments and business organisations, to

On your bike

Sales of bicycles between 1970 and 1994. Millions.



complete the National Cycling Strategy, which will be launched on July 10. Cycling has been declining for the past 50 years, although bike sales have increased almost five-fold in the past three decades. In 1994, 37 per cent of all households had at least one bicycle.

National Bike Week lasts until a week on Sunday and has 900 events involving 200,000 people. Next Wednesday is National Bike-To-Work Day.

News in brief

Protesters cut short Queen's Welsh visit

POLICE cut short the Queen's visit to Aberystwyth University yesterday after a protest by 200 Welsh language students.

Demonstrators had gathered on the campus shouting anti-racist slogans and waving banners against the Queen, who was to open a new science centre. Her visit was cancelled only five minutes before she was due to arrive, after police failed to prevent students breaching the security cordon.

A Buckingham Palace spokeswoman said: "The Queen would certainly have made this decision with great regret. It was only done on the advice of the police."

The Queen had been due to open the Centre for Glaciology. A plaque bearing her name was unveiled instead by Sir Melvyn Rosser, president of the university. — Vivek Chaudhary

Omega ends Vogue boycott

OMEGA, the watch manufacturer, backtracked yesterday on its threat to boycott the magazine Vogue in protest at its use of waif-like models. But management said the U-turn was in the interest of press freedom and insisted they still deplored the picture spread of thin women.

In a letter to Vogue's publisher, Stephen Quinn, Omega's brand director, Giles Rees, said his decision to suspend advertising had been overridden by Omega's chairman, Nicolas Hayek.

He said: "After discussions, the Omega company have agreed to continue our advertising with you, largely as a result of our chairman, Nicolas Hayek's, belief that it is not in anybody's interest to manipulate the editorial position of any given media."

"Having said that, I would hope that the tremendous support and encouragement that we have received from the media and particularly from the public would urge you to consider addressing these issues with your editorial staff."

Sex harassment 'cover-up'

A POLICEMAN who lost her claim for sexual harassment against three male officers was the victim of a cover-up, according to one of the tribunal panel members who heard her case.

PC Karen Wade told a Leeds Industrial Tribunal two weeks ago she had endured nine months of sexual taunts and innuendoes from three fellow officers at the city's Holbeck station. The tribunal heard there was a "hidden culture of harassment" in the West Yorkshire force which survived because so few women complained.

The officers — PC Dean Mountain, Sgt Ian Devay and Sgt Paul Fountain — denied the allegations and were vindicated. But in the full written ruling, released yesterday, it emerged one of the tribunal's three members, which consisted of two men and a woman, believed PC Wade, aged 27, was subjected to prolonged sexual harassment which was ignored because of West Yorkshire Police's "culture of silence".

The unnamed member disagreed with the rest of the panel who did not believe the "most serious" allegation, that PC Mountain had invited a detained glue-sniffer to have sex with PC Wade in a police van.

PC Wade is to appeal against the decision.

Intruder's hide tanned

A MAN who sneaked into a hospital ended up scarred for life when he tried to get a sunbat. After evading security staff at Odstock Hospital in Salisbury, Wiltshire, and allegedly helping himself to doctors' paging devices, the intruder spotted a sunbed, which he used for 45 minutes.

The machine, used to treat burns victims, has a maximum dosage of 10 seconds. Hours later, covered in blisters and in severe pain, the man went to Southampton General Hospital. Staff became suspicious because he wore a doctor's coat.

UK fishermen escape fines

FIVE British fishermen last night escaped fines of more than £1.5 million after pleading guilty to breaching European catch regulations. The men faced bankruptcy if they were given the maximum fine for 30 offences of £50,000 each.

Graham Baker, aged 57, Stuart Clarke, aged 27, Christopher Mole, aged 28, Derek Mole, aged 35 and David Stoker, aged 58, all from West Mersea, pleaded guilty at Colchester magistrates court to failing to make accurate catch declarations and over-fishing for sole off the West Mersea coast in Essex. They said they had done so because they could not survive within EU quotas. The men were given fines ranging from £140 to £2,000.

Beatrix Potter sale

A SET of 12 silk dolls, hand-printed by the children's author Beatrix Potter, fetched £28,800 at Christie's in London yesterday. The square plate settings, which surfaced after more than 90 years, were bought in sets of two by London dealers and collectors for around three times more than expected. They contained original drawings from Beatrix Potter's stories.

19 Awards

2 Channels

1 BBC

BBC1 and BBC2 programmes and personalities won a record 19 awards in this year's Royal Television Society Programme and Technology Awards.

Clear confirmation that, whatever type of programme they choose to watch, BBC viewers always enjoy television at its best.

Judges' Award for an outstanding contribution to television programming
ALAN YENTON
Controller, BBC1

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MEN BEHAVING BADLY
Hertswood Films for BBC TV

Best Drama Series
PRESTON FRONT
Produced by BBC Public Mill

Best Entertainment Programme
SHOOTING STARS
Channel 4 for BBC TV

News Award
EASTENDERS

Best Arts Programme
THE HOMECOMING

Best Live Event
VJ50 - THE FINAL TRIBUTE

Best Presenter
JOHN TUSA
for BBC TV's VE Day Coverage

Best Female Actor
HELEN MCCORRY
for *Serena Two - Streetlife*
Produced by BBC Wales

Best Male Actor
ROBERT CARLYLE
for *Hamlet Macbeth - BBC Scotland*
(Zenith/Stylize Productions) and *Love Etern - Go Now*
(Revolution Films Production) for BBC TV

Best Television Performance
CAROLINE FROCK (MRS HEMTON)
Granada Television/BBC North

Best Children's Drama
THE QUEEN'S NOSE
Film & General Productions for BBC TV

Best Children's Factual Programme
SHORT CHANGE

Writers' Award
PAUL POWELL and JIMMY MCGOVERN
for *Love Etern - Go Now*
A Revolution Films Production for BBC TV

Best Regional Programme
TWO CEASURES AND A WEDDING
BBC Northern Ireland

Best Regional Presenter
PADDY KIELTY
BBC Northern Ireland

Best Operational System
BBC NEWS RESOURCES
for Computer Assisted Design

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SCIENCE ZONE - INTERACTIVE
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BBC TELEVISION AT ITS BEST

One bitter disappointment when we knew that the eyes of the world would be on us was that the Government was not prepared to allow television to transmit the World Cup in colour.

Kenneth Wolstenholme

One bitter disappointment when we knew that the eyes of the world would be on us was that the Government was not prepared to allow television to transmit the World Cup in colour.

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Ambitious Shanghai reaches for sky

THE NEW CHINA

For the latest report in his series, **Andrew Higgins** visited a city where huge building programmes show a determination to emulate the world's top financial centres

ON AN expanse of mud bigger than three football fields stands a solitary fir tree. It had been a teeming Shanghai estate packed with over a dozen decrepit apartment blocks, decaying workshops, and rows of ramshackle warehouses.

Communist Party in 1921 and the Cultural Revolution in 1966. It now wants to create a mecca for business and finance to eclipse Hong Kong and one day compete with Wall Street.

Located across the Huangpu River from the mostly British-built Bund, Wankang Road, and the Century - now Peace - Hotel, where Noel Coward drafted Private Lives, Pudong slumbered as a forgotten backwater until being declared a special economic zone in 1990.

"Watch out New York," read a headline in the Shanghai Star. "Shanghai revives as Asia's financial hub," proclaimed another.

But the city, whose former party boss, Jiang Zemin, now heads a national leadership in Beijing stacked with former Shanghai functionaries, still has a long way to go. Total trade on Shanghai's foreign currency exchange last year amounted to one fifth of a day's average volume in London.



they would consider quitting," he added. To overcome such hurdles, the city is already building a subway line and a tunnel and has plans for a huge airport to make Pudong an airline hub for Japan, Korea, and politics permitting, Taiwan.

By the end of next year, Lujiazui, the district of Pudong designated as Shanghai's new financial zone, will have nearly 50 new skyscrapers.

Support grows for Indian coalition

Suzanne Goldenberg in New Delhi
THE new kingmakers of Indian politics, the regional parties, announced last night that they would participate fully in the coalition government of H. D. Deve Gowda who is to be sworn in as prime minister today.

withdrawals of external support by the Congress party. As before, the United Front coalition, which includes regional and socialist parties, is also dependent on outside support from the Congress.



Palestinian demonstrators fly their national flag on top of a house scheduled for demolition in Anata village, on the West Bank. PHOTOGRAPH: RULA HALAWANI

Four Saudi bombers beheaded in public

Katry Evans
SAUDI ARABIA announced yesterday that it had publicly executed four men convicted of the bombing last year of a United States-run military facility in Riyadh, which left seven dead including five Americans.

News in brief

- Suspect 'killed thousands'**
The Tanzania-based international tribunal on the genocide in Rwanda charged the most important of its first three detainees yesterday, accusing Clement Kayishema of organising and taking part in the massacre of thousands.
- Blast shuts centre**
India's top missile research centre was shut down yesterday after an explosion and fire in one of its chemical gas processing units, fire officials in Hyderabad said.
- Tibetans jailed**
A Chinese court in Xigaze has sentenced six Tibetans to up to five years in prison for demanding independence for the Himalayan region, state media said.
- Killer executed**
A man convicted in the drive-by killing of a police officer in 1983 was executed by injection in Columbia, South Carolina, yesterday.
- Burma releases**
Burma's military regime yesterday freed at least 74 of the 263 people detained in a failed attempt to stop the pro-democracy leader, Aung San Suu Kyi, from holding a party congress.
- No cash for dam**
Citing environmental concerns, the US Export-Import Bank refused to help finance a huge dam on the Yangtze river in China that is intended to be the largest hydroelectric project in history.

The dam, which is expected to cost more than \$5 billion (£1.7 billion), is to be about a mile and a half wide and 600 feet high, creating a 400-mile-long reservoir. — New York Times.

Orthodox rejoice in their new-found political power

Joseph Berger in Tel Aviv
AS THE votes piled up for Benjamin Netanyahu, the streets of Bnei Brak, an ardently Orthodox suburb of Tel Aviv, took on an uncommonly festive air, with the talk in the busy shops and restaurants all about the new power the Orthodox have snatched in Israel.

an Israel led by Mr Netanyahu and a parliament with a record 25 MPs from religious parties.

minister focused almost entirely on security and relations with the Arabs, some of the biggest effects of this week's election may be on daily life as the resurgent religious parties exert their new muscle in parliament to stress Jewish tradition.

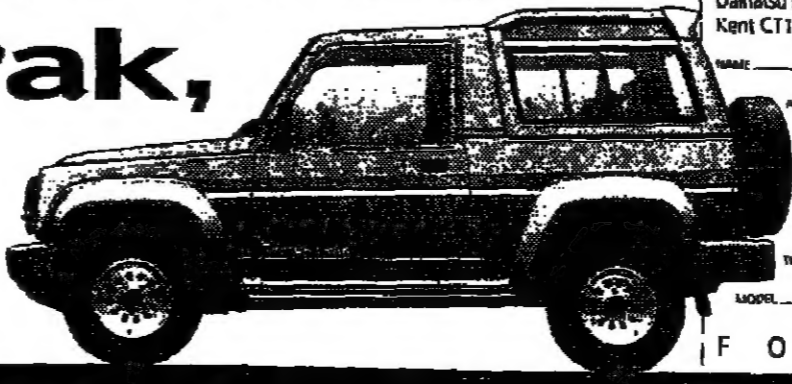
They have been trying to break the Orthodox monopoly on marriage, divorce, burial and conversion.

Orthodox Jews, who represent one quarter of the Jewish population, voted in overwhelming numbers on Wednesday, capturing eight new seats in parliament. Each of the 25 seats required at least 25,000 votes, so it appears that as many as 625,000 traditional Jews voted.

The more than 90 per cent of the Orthodox who voted for Mr Netanyahu did so not out of affection, but because of their anger at Labour's entrenched secularism and its growing alliance with the Meretz party, which has proposed civil marriage and bus transport on the Sabbath.

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Yeltsin give Russia normality

E26
E253
E21

Yeltsin 'will give Russia normality'

David Hearst in Moscow

PRESIDENT Boris Yeltsin has unveiled an election manifesto almost indistinguishable from that of his Communist opponents.

He promises Russians a normal life, better wages, and the protection of their vital interests.

He chose the industrial city of Perm in the Urals to set out his political stall and received a mixed reception from the elderly crowd, who wanted to know when this normal life would start.

His 127-page programme said: "I feel your pain, the pain of the country. But this is the pain of a recovering organism."

Many in Perm did not think so; banners were as often anti-Yeltsin as pro-Yeltsin. The president promised to listen to their concerns and told the crowd: "In the last years, we began to forget what empty shelves are. We should ensure that people forget about empty shelves."

His programme was vague on how this new spending power could be achieved. Like the Communist manifesto, it was optimistic about prospects for economic growth.

Mr Yeltsin promised to support the national producer, to cut taxes and to ban the system of tax favours for groups such as those run by his favourite sportsmen.

He promised to clamp down on the uncontrolled sale of land to speculators, to contain unemployment, and to restore the value of savings destroyed by the liberalisation of prices.

"The main aim of my programme is a normal way of life for every person, for every family, for our society and for the state, without revolution, without upheaval, without coups d'etat — simply normal life," he said.

Alektina Ulitko, aged 66, carried a Communist banner and said: "I get a pension of 250,000 roubles (233) a month but it never arrives on time. In the old days, we could afford to go on holiday. Now I can't even afford to write a letter. An envelope costs 1,200 roubles."

The manifesto will have little political impact, launched only days after the Communist victory, which adhered to the same principles. The main triumph of the week for the Russian leader was getting the rebel Chechen leader, Zelimkhan Yandarbiyev, to Moscow to sign a ceasefire deal, and then keeping Mr Yandarbiyev there while himself trying to Grozny to proclaim he had won the war.

As opinion polls continued to record a rise in Mr Yeltsin's personal rating, the president suggested for the first time that he might win outright in the first round of voting between the 11 candidates, which takes place three weeks from tomorrow.

The programme contained no surprises on foreign policy or Chechnya, which Mr Yeltsin pledged would stay within the federation. He remains committed to his relationship with the United States and Europe, following Russia's accession to the Council of Europe.

On defence, he promised to maintain a stronger nuclear deterrent, and to support the military industrial complex.

'In the old days, we went on holidays. Now I can't afford to write a letter'

which became the first victim of his reform programme.

"The path which Russia is following is the right one and the only possible one. Only this can lead us to our cherished goal of renaissance of a great state," he said.

In style and tone, and in particular his use of the term "great state", Mr Yeltsin was borrowing from the Communist leader, Gennady Zyuganov, his main rival. But Mr Zyuganov continues to suffer from poor publicity and little television exposure.

The Communist leader's main weapon in the run-up to polling will be his claim that the vote will be falsified by central electoral commission officials, who are beholden to the president's administration. Mr Zyuganov has urged supporters to flood polling stations to ensure ballot boxes are empty before voting starts and are sealed.

On Thursday, Mr Yeltsin's chief political adviser, Georgi Satarov, launched a counter-attack by talking about "Communist armed groups" who had their "finger on the trigger" and were trying to stop the counting of the vote.

him or face renewed sanctions.

Warren Christopher, the US secretary of state, is to tell Mr Milosevic at a meeting in Geneva that he must move clearly against Mr Karadzic. He will also remind the Bosnian and Croatian leaders, Alija Ishtegovic and Franjo Tudjman, of their Dayton peace accord obligations.

"We are planning to put the screws on," said one key Western official. Freedom of movement, return of refugees, media access and the fragile state of the Muslim-Croat federation are other areas of mounting concern. The US and its allies are to use a series of high-level meetings to monitor compliance with Dayton, under which Bosnia's elections have to be held by September 14.

Monday's meeting in Berlin of Nato foreign ministers, the Dayton mid-term review in Florence a fortnight later, and European Union and G8 summits by the end of the month will all serve to keep Bosnia under the spotlight.

Nato ministers are also expected to confirm mid-December as the departure date for I-For, the 60,000-strong alliance-led implementation force, although there is no agreement yet on what will succeed it.

Diplomats said yesterday that the size and shape of "I-For" will be determined by what happens in Bosnia's elections — and that no one in the region can expect an unlimited international military presence.

Britain and France are insisting they will not keep troops in Bosnia after I-For unless there is a "proportionate" US presence. President Bill Clinton has repeatedly said his men will not stay

Russia's old guard, page 28



Close encounters... Vaclav Klaus, Czech prime minister, signs the arms of schoolchildren in Ostrava yesterday at the start of the general election, the first since the break-up of Czechoslovakia. PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER JOSEK

Czechs to make Western-style election choice

Ian Traynor in Prague

THE way Bohuslav Faltus sees it, things took a turn for the better just as he celebrated his 80th birthday.

That was four years ago when Vaclav Klaus's right-wing coalition took power in Prague and set its sights on the peaceful dismemberment of Czechoslovakia and the transformation of its political and economic culture.

He has lived through two world wars, the birth and death of Czechoslovakia in 1918 and 1938, the inter-war democracy, the Nazi occupation, the communist dictatorship, and the return of democracy following 1989's "velvet revolution".

Yesterday Mr Faltus cast his ballot in St Joseph's primary school at the foot of Prague castle. "I voted for the prime minister because he's good for another four years," he beamed. "I've seen a lot in this country and this is the best things have been. Above all for the youngsters. They can say what they like, do what they like, go where they like."

The Czech Republic's general election, a two-day ballot that opened yesterday, is the first Czech poll since the break-up of Czechoslovakia, the first time in post-communist Europe that a government has served a full term and sought a fresh mandate, the first time in the same region that the former communists are not primed to stage a comeback.

But the most remarkable aspect of the election is its ordinariness, that within a few years of toppling the communists Czechs are being asked to make a straightforward Western-style choice between the centre-right and the centre-left.

Mr Klaus looks set to win, but in the complicated system combining proportional representation and preferential candidate voting, he and his partners could still fall short of a majority in the 200-seat parliament.

Analysts are anxiously watching for the performance of the extremists on the right and left, the neo-fascist republicans and the rump fund of socialist communists, who between them could muster a quarter of the vote by playing on widespread Czech fear, suspicion, and dislike of the neighbouring Germans.

"If we compare our results with Poland, Hungary, or Slovakia," commented the best-selling newspaper, Dnes, yesterday, "the Czech Republic is the most successful, politically and economically the most stable."

Mr Klaus, aged 66, unloved but hugely respected, asked to be judged on his record, he said: "This election will decide whether to continue with the reforms or whether to head in another direction."

His main challenger, Milos Zeman of the social democrats, sought support by promising more Klaus policies without Mr Klaus. "Under our government, the basic direction of the country won't change," he said.

Maria Kolareva, aged 47, a labour ministry lawyer, was having none of it. "We've had enough of leftwing parties. They don't guarantee democracy and under Klaus there's more opportunities." But she disliked Mr Klaus and so was voting for his small rightwing ODA coalition partner.

In four years the social democrats have tripled their support to come within about 5 percentage points of Mr Klaus's Civic Democratic Party which leads the opinion polls at around 28 per cent.

Mr Klaus looks set to win, but in the complicated system combining proportional representation and preferential candidate voting, he and his partners could still fall short of a majority in the 200-seat parliament.

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US to raise the stakes in effort to hook Karadzic

Ian Black Diplomatic Editor

INTERNATIONAL efforts to sidestep the renegade Serb leader, Radovan Karadzic, will be increased tomorrow when the United States warns the Serbian president, Slobodan Milosevic, to act decisively against

him or face renewed sanctions.

Warren Christopher, the US secretary of state, is to tell Mr Milosevic at a meeting in Geneva that he must move clearly against Mr Karadzic. He will also remind the Bosnian and Croatian leaders, Alija Ishtegovic and Franjo Tudjman, of their Dayton peace accord obligations.

"We are planning to put the screws on," said one key Western official. Freedom of movement, return of refugees, media access and the fragile state of the Muslim-Croat federation are other areas of mounting concern. The US and its allies are to use a series of high-level meetings to monitor compliance with Dayton, under which Bosnia's elections have to be held by September 14.

Monday's meeting in Berlin of Nato foreign ministers, the Dayton mid-term review in Florence a fortnight later, and European Union and G8 summits by the end of the month will all serve to keep Bosnia under the spotlight.

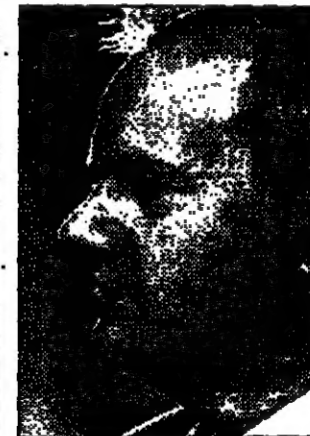
Nato ministers are also expected to confirm mid-December as the departure date for I-For, the 60,000-strong alliance-led implementation force, although there is no agreement yet on what will succeed it.

Diplomats said yesterday that the size and shape of "I-For" will be determined by what happens in Bosnia's elections — and that no one in the region can expect an unlimited international military presence.

Britain and France are insisting they will not keep troops in Bosnia after I-For unless there is a "proportionate" US presence. President Bill Clinton has repeatedly said his men will not stay



Head to head... Warren Christopher (left) will order Slobodan Milosevic to move against the Serb renegade



out and should end up facing the international war crimes tribunal in The Hague.

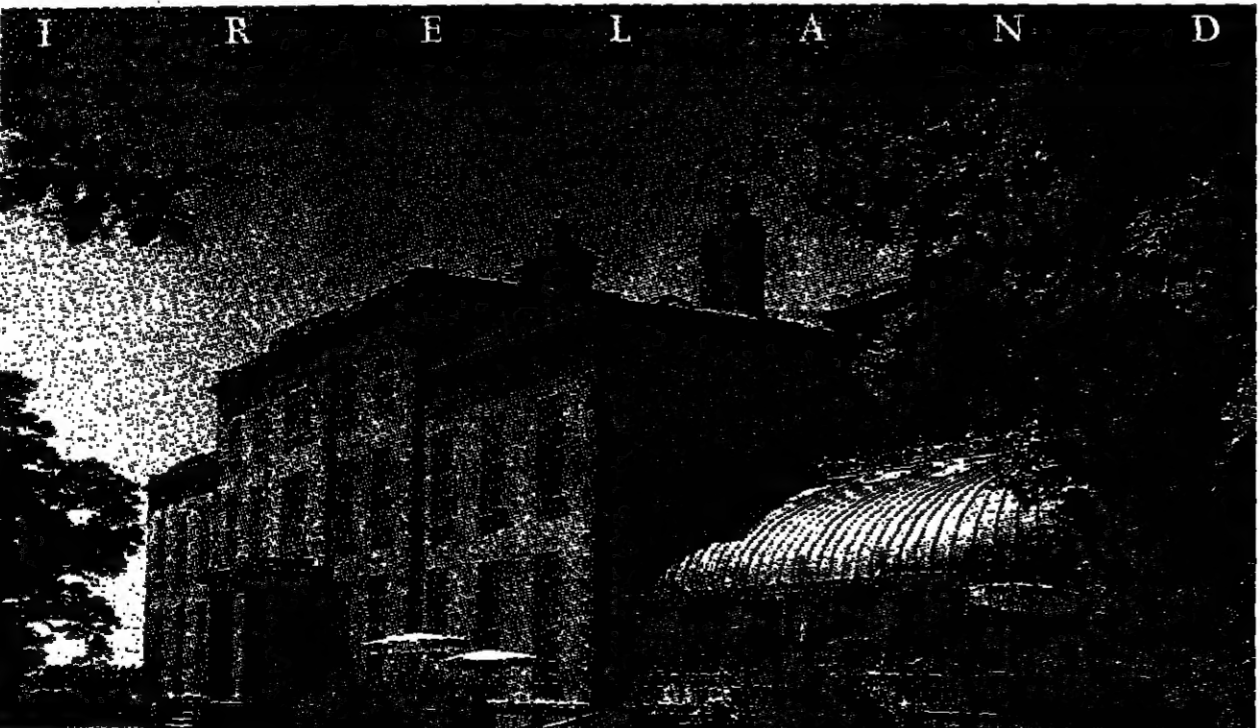
In Geneva, Mr Christopher is also expected to urge Bosnian Muslims to stop putting obstacles in the way of elections and to expel the remaining "handful" of Iranian fighters Washington says are still in Bosnia.

If President Ishtegovic can provide assurances that those forces have left, Mr Christopher could announce the start of a \$130 million programme to arm and train the Muslim-Croat army towards parity with the Serbs.

It is not clear how much pressure can be brought to bear on Mr Milosevic, as both European countries and Russia concede against Serbia would almost certainly be counter-productive.

"Reintroducing sanctions against Belgrade would mean the breakdown of the peace process with all the consequences of that risk, the danger to the contingents of the Western countries and the weakening of their political and diplomatic efforts," warned the Russian foreign minister, Yevgeny Primakov.

Some experts doubt whether Mr Karadzic can be sidelined. "You cannot tackle him head on when he is a symbol of national resistance," said one east European diplomat.



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"And I wasn't wearing a lacy bra. I don't know where she got that from," says Robyn crossly, referring to the Mail's suggestion that she had swapped her police officer's uniform for "a lacy bra and white blouse".

"My bra is white nylon, Marks and Spencer."

Outlook page 17

New rates from the Bristol & West.

PREMIER OPTION BOND
Interest rates effective from 1st June 1996

FIXED RATE OPTION - Issue A

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£25,000+	5.75%	4.60%
£5,000 (MINIMUM)+	5.75%	4.60%
INTEREST PAID MONTHLY		
£100,000+	5.75%	4.60%
£50,000+	5.70%	4.56%
£25,000+	5.60%	4.48%
£5,000 (MINIMUM)+	5.60%	4.48%

RATE GUARANTEE: Bristol & West guarantees that these rates are fixed until 30th November 1996.

NOTICE FOR PREMIER OPTION BOND (ISSUE B) HOLDERS

The Society is introducing revised Terms & Conditions to take effect from 1st June 1996. The purpose of this is to make the Terms & Conditions easier to understand, and to clarify the circumstances in which future changes to Terms & Conditions may be made and when interest rates may be varied. A copy of the revised Terms & Conditions is available from any of the Society's branches or from Headquarters.

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Stratford (N.H.)

Table with 2 columns: Race number and Name. Races include 2.30 Sophom, 3.20 Shaafid, 3.25 Reckler (nb).

2.50 BOCKHAMPTON HARWAY DEVELOPMENT CONDITIONAL JOCKEY'S CLASH

Race card for 2.50 Bockhampton Harway Development Conditional Jockeys Clash. Includes names like Indian Jockey, Classic Image, and Jadda.

3.20 LAMBERT SMITH HAMPTON SURVIVORS HPCAP CHASE 2m 11 1/2yds 64.25

Race card for 3.20 Lambert Smith Hampton Survivors HPCap Chase. Includes names like Clewley, Lake Treen, and Polden.

3.50 WILLIS CORROON INSURANCE BIRMINGHAM HPCAP HURDLE 2m 11 1/2yds 62.14

Race card for 3.50 Willis Corroon Insurance Birmingham HPCap Hurdle. Includes names like Punched, Social Account, and Victor Bravo.

Channel 4

Race card for Channel 4 races. Includes 4.25 Horse and Hound Cup Final, Huntress Chase, and others.

4.55 WATERBURY BELLEVUE PREMIERS NOVICE HURDLE 2m 11 1/2yds 62.99

Race card for 4.55 Waterbury Bellevue Premiers Novice Hurdle. Includes names like TBI, Blumhard, and Tipping.

5.25 BUILDING DESIGN PRACTICE ARCHITECTS WOLVERHAMPTON HPCAP CHASE 2m 11 1/2yds 64.18

Race card for 5.25 Building Design Practice Architects Wolverhampton HPCap Chase. Includes names like Donna, Malt, and Donnell.

5.55 COLLIER BURNES LINES NOVICE HURDLE 2m 11 1/2yds 62.04

Race card for 5.55 Collier Burnes Lines Novice Hurdle. Includes names like Collins, Dunning, and Dunning.

Market Rasen (N.H.) tonight

Table with 2 columns: Race number and Name. Races include 6.40 Highly Respectable, 7.10 Hedgehog, 7.40 Honeycomb.

Channel 4

Race card for Channel 4 races. Includes 6.40 Highly Respectable, 7.10 Hedgehog, 7.40 Honeycomb, and others.

7.10 SPURTO INTO SUMMER HURDLE CHASE 2m 11 1/2yds 62.17

Race card for 7.10 Spurto Into Summer Hurdle Chase. Includes names like Lanes, Lanes, and Lanes.

7.40 ROGER JOHNSTON & PARTNERS NOVICE CHASE 2m 11 1/2yds 64.15

Race card for 7.40 Roger Johnston & Partners Novice Chase. Includes names like Arrey, Arrey, and Arrey.

8.10 LAST YEAR HURDLE CHASE 2m 11 1/2yds 62.90

Race card for 8.10 Last Year Hurdle Chase. Includes names like Cross, Cross, and Cross.

8.40 LAST CHANCE HURDLE 2m 11 1/2yds 62.85

Race card for 8.40 Last Chance Hurdle. Includes names like Down, Down, and Down.

9.10 SUMMER EVENING HURDLE 2m 11 1/2yds 62.70

Race card for 9.10 Summer Evening Hurdle. Includes names like Bold, Bold, and Bold.

Yesterday's Results on Page 11

Racing

Mark Of Esteem and Mick's Love out of Derby

HERE will be no Godolphin challenge for the Vodafone Derby at Epsom next Saturday after its principal candidates, Mark Of Esteem and Mick's Love, were ruled out of the race yesterday along with their other entries, Kamitarra and Russian Revival.

Another notable absentee is Peter Chapple-Hyam's well-supported Nash House, who failed to impress in a workout on the Manton gallops yesterday. Simon Crisford, Godolphin's racing manager, said: "Mark Of Esteem has missed too much time in his preparation and Mick's Love has met with a training setback."

"Mick's Love has a problem with his off-side joint. He requires a period of time off and will be back later in the season." "Mark Of Esteem has just run out of time - it is as

simple as that. We will try and get him back for Royal Ascot where the St James's Palace Stakes is a possibility." It looks significant that Mark Of Esteem, the narrow 2,000 Guineas winner, is to be targeted at another top mile prize. He was greatly favoured by a rails draw at Newmarket and looks far from certain to stay the Derby trip.

William Hill now make Derby shyantor and Glory Of Dancer 9-2 joint favourites followed by 5-1 Dr Massimo, 6-1 Albarth and Even Top. Derby supporters of Dr Massimo will be looking for nothing less than a convincing win from Wall Street, who finished a close second to Michael Stoute's Epsom hope at Kempton first time out.

Helissio can star for France

HELISSIO, new star of the French flat season, can retain his number one crown in the Prix du Jockey Club at Chantilly tomorrow, writes Ron Cox. Winner of all his three races this year - he did not run as a two-year-old - Helissio was particularly impressive when beating Arbatux by four lengths over 11 furlongs at Longchamp

on his second start. He got home by less than a length over the 10 furlongs, but the time, prompting thoughts that he could struggle to stay tomorrow's mile and a half. But Helissio had been held up in his work and will be sharper here. High Baroque looks best of the three Chantilly runners, but Helissio (3.50) can prove different class.

Newmarket card with form for televised races

Table with 2 columns: Race number and Name. Races include 2.10 Deevee, 2.40 Shark, 3.40 Spotted Eagle, 4.10 Cheyenne Spirit, 4.45 Pride Of Wexham, 4.50 Voluntary.

Channel 4

Race card for Channel 4 races. Includes 4.15 Williams Of Bide Chantilly Palace Stakes, 4.45 Newmarket Park Stud Maiden Stakes, 5.20 Newmarket Park Stud Maiden Stakes.

Channel 4

Race card for Channel 4 races. Includes 6.45 High Fly, 7.10 Hedgehog, 7.40 Honeycomb, 8.10 Last Year Hurdle, 8.40 Last Chance Hurdle, 9.10 Summer Evening Hurdle.

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Lingfield with TV form

Table with 2 columns: Race number and Name. Races include 2.00 Fortia Flight, 2.30 Midnight Legend, 3.00 Racing Bear, 3.30 Trading Aces, 4.00 Lap Of Honour, 4.30 Maria Lu.

BBC-1

Race card for BBC-1 races. Includes 2.00 Best With The TV Handicap, 2.30 Total Bookmakers Conditions Stakes, 3.00 Total Bookmakers Conditions Stakes.

BBC-1

Race card for BBC-1 races. Includes 2.30 Total Bookmakers Conditions Stakes, 3.00 Total Bookmakers Conditions Stakes, 3.30 Total Bookmakers Conditions Stakes.

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BBC-1

Race card for BBC-1 races. Includes 7.00 Total Bookmakers Conditions Stakes, 7.30 Total Bookmakers Conditions Stakes, 8.00 Total Bookmakers Conditions Stakes.

Knights of England plan channel

Boils on No-day de

Catterick

2.15 RACING CHANNEL SELLING STAKES 2m 11 1/2yds 62.60

2.45 MAINTIFFS GRAND DRAW AUCTION MAIDEN STAKES 2m 11 1/2yds 62.10

3.45 YORKSHIRE YOUNG TELEVISION LIMITED STAKES 2m 11 1/2yds 62.00

4.20 WILLIAM EDWARDS BIRMINGHAM HURDLE 2m 11 1/2yds 62.10

4.50 ALPHONSO BATHING RELATED MAIDEN STAKES OF CLASS

5.20 WILSON PARK STUD MAIDEN STAKES 2m 11 1/2yds 62.00

5.50 WILSON PARK STUD MAIDEN STAKES 2m 11 1/2yds 62.00

6.20 WILSON PARK STUD MAIDEN STAKES 2m 11 1/2yds 62.00

6.50 WILSON PARK STUD MAIDEN STAKES 2m 11 1/2yds 62.00

7.20 WILSON PARK STUD MAIDEN STAKES 2m 11 1/2yds 62.00

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8.20 WILSON PARK STUD MAIDEN STAKES 2m 11 1/2yds 62.00

8.50 WILSON PARK STUD MAIDEN STAKES 2m 11 1/2yds 62.00

Chantilly tomorrow BBC2

Race card for Chantilly tomorrow BBC2. Includes 3.50 Prix du Jockey Club, 4.15 Williams Of Bide Chantilly Palace Stakes, 4.45 Newmarket Park Stud Maiden Stakes.

Chantilly tomorrow BBC2

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Cricket

Knight's day as England plan changes

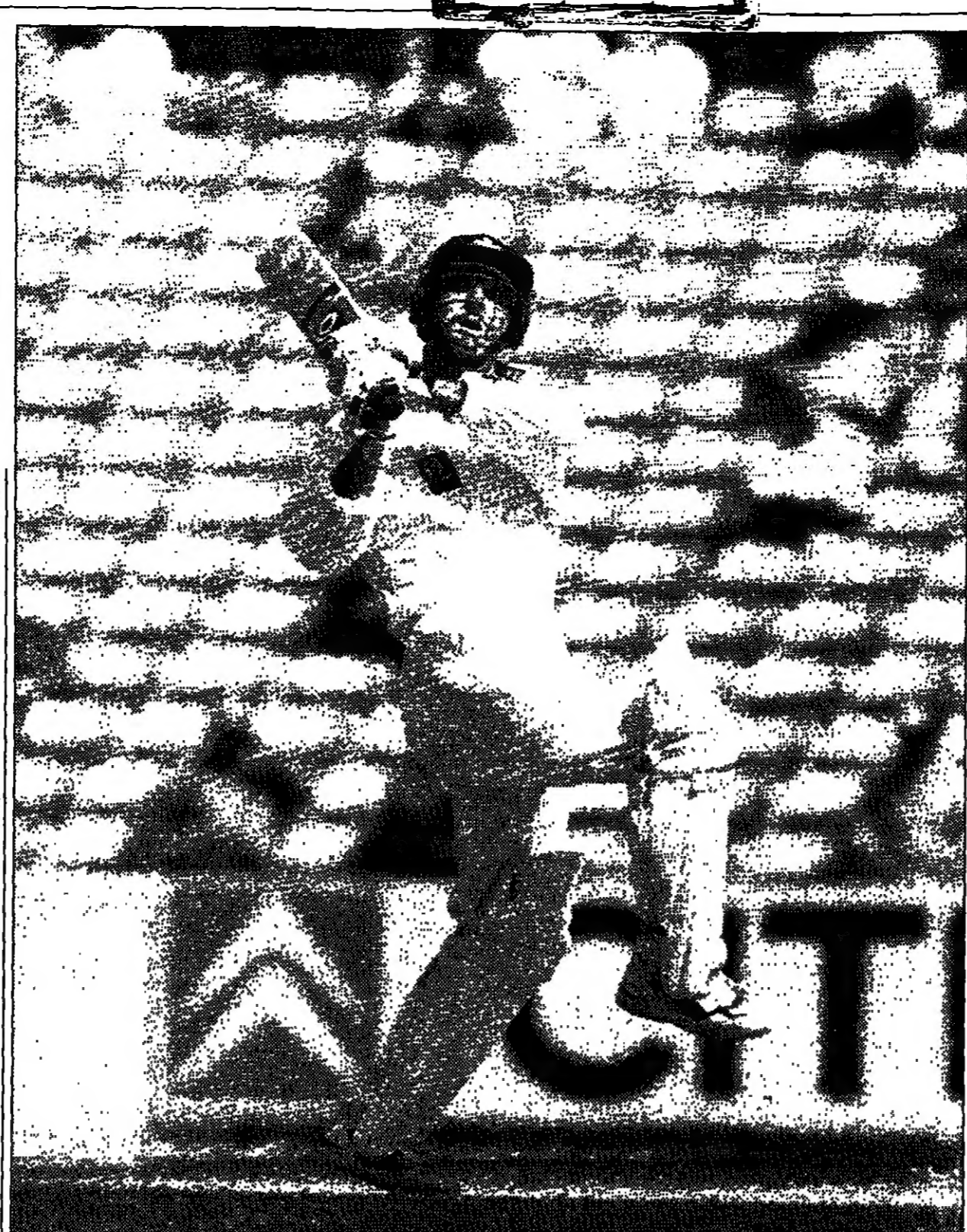
Mike Selvey considers the players likely to be on the selectors' minds for the first Test with India at Edgbaston on Thursday

IF THERE has been any progress during Raymond Illingworth's term of office then it has been in making the England Test team harder to beat. Last summer's drawn series against West Indies was followed by a dogged tour of South Africa, undone when victory was within their grasp; they lost battle and war in an hour of new-ball mayhem but it did not devalue what had gone before.

With the Edgbaston pitch likely to have a reasonable but consistent grass covering, and the Indian batsmen already showing a penchant for attacking spinners (the Chelmsford terracing took a fearsome battering on Tuesday), England's strategy will be based on a four-man pace attack with six front-line batsmen and the return of Jack Russell as wicketkeeper, although his role remains a contentious issue.

The one-day series, however, and the World Cup that followed served to illustrate the gulf in thinking between England and the top cricket nations. A rethink was needed, recognising the specialist nature of one-day cricket; and with the new coach David Lloyd in charge and backed by a selection committee with a greater cross-section of viewpoints, that rethink began before last week's Texaco Cup matches. The outcome, a 2-0 win, was welcome even if India played poorly and in any case England, with a good home record in these games, had been expected to do well.

Three batsmen — Atherton, Hick and Thorpe — pick themselves, Hick making 123 on Thursday and Thorpe finishing with a 185 yesterday. Should the hairline crack in Nick Knight's left index finger heal, the Warwickshire opener will join Atherton at the top of the order, having made his Test debut last year. Graham Gooch, an England selector and Knight's colleague at Essex before last season's move, has not held back in his criticism of players leaving counties to make a fast buck. But being associated with the most successful side of the past few years has done Knight no harm, and Gooch, who met him at Northampton on Thursday, admitted that his game had ascended to a new level, with a remarkably consistent start to the season.



Fulling the plug... Thorpe, having moved on to 185 from his overnight 158 at The Oval yesterday, pulls at Harris's third ball of the day only to get a top edge; the bowler pounced the skyer. Surrey finished on 477 and at the close Derbyshire were 286 for three

More likely is the return of Hussain or the retention of Maynard. Two pace bowlers, Dominic Cork and Chris Lewis, will have been earmarked and will be joined by Peter Martin, probably, or the new all-rounder Angus Fraser, plus in the interest of variety a left-

arm, Simon Brown of Durham, Mike Smith of Gloucestershire and Leicestershire's Alan Mullally. In particular, Mullally, who played for Western Australia, Victoria and the Australian Young Cricketers before Leicestershire, seems favoured.

The bowling complement will be completed by a token and unnecessary — spinner, Peter Such or perhaps Kent's Min Patel will be shuttled back to his county on Thursday.

The bowling complement will be completed by a token and unnecessary — spinner, Peter Such or perhaps Kent's Min Patel will be shuttled back to his county on Thursday.

Championship: Middlesex v Yorkshire

Follett the foil for Tufnell's last stand

David Foot at Lord's

ONE of our sporting delights is when players or their elders get slightly above themselves — rather like Barry Fry apparently deciding that, if he is not considered adept enough to manage a football club, then he will jolly well buy one to run himself.

Yorkshire's reply to an imposing 447 varied from the cautious to the wanton, so much so that an innings defeat was suddenly looking a grim possibility. Although Vaughan had gone in the fourth over, Byas — being accurately monitored as a Test candidate — and McGrath began to anchor resolutely. For the second time in a week McGrath went 40 minutes at one stage without scoring.

Tufnell was on 30 and had seemed destined for his best too. He took three fours in a row of Craig White, one an unintentional deflection to fine leg. It was singularly frustrating for Yorkshire.

Yorkshire survived to 185 for nine at the close, thanks mainly to Hartley. They will follow on today, privately hoping that it is not another Follett and Tufnell show.

TCCB hands reins to in-house Lamb

TIM LAMB, the Test and County Cricket Board secretary who was named yesterday as the TCCB's next chief executive, will take up the post on a pro-County Championship platform.

A two-division championship, to concentrate talent and raise standards, has been on the agenda for some time, but Lamb, 43, though agreeing that players need reduced workloads, plans to stand firm.

Kent v Sussex

Wells boils over in two-day defeat

Paul Weaver at Tunbridge Wells

IT WAS more a case of Umbridge Wells than Tunbridge Wells here yesterday. Alan Wells, the Sussex captain, saw his side collapse to a two-day, 10-wicket defeat by Kent and he also faces the prospect of a dissent charge over his own dismissal.

Sussex lost their last six wickets for 28 runs in 10 overs and were all out for 164. Kent, who now top the championship, needed only 21 balls to score the 27 runs needed for victory, their third this season.

As the players left the field at the end of the match Wells and Burgess were seen in heated discussion. There may have been a height doubt over the delivery that did for Wells, and Moores was clearly well down the pitch when he was struck. But even if Burgess's judgment was flawed it does not excuse Sussex from playing some horrid cricket over the past two days.

Yesterday started well for them when they dismissed Steve Marsh with the day's first ball. Marsh might count himself unlucky because officially this over, carried over from the previous day, did not exist in the scorer's book. Today and Monday will certainly not exist so far as this match is concerned.

Scoreboard

Table with columns for match name, team, and player statistics. Includes sections for Kent v Sussex, Middlesex v Yorkshire, Northants v Warks, and various county matches.

Northants v Warks

Undermined by Moles and Pollock

Mike Selvey at Northampton

MOLES and Pollock sounds like the sort of glamorous alliance which is plucked from the Yellow Pages when drums need rodding. Instead, Andy Moles and Shaun Pollock, old Warwickshire pro and South African youngster, blocked Northamptonshire's way to a substantial first-innings lead with a sixth-wicket partnership of 194, when it had looked, at 118 for five, as if Warwickshire would be washed away.

Starting today

Table listing cricket fixtures for the day, including matches between Yorkshire and Lancashire, and other county games.

THE Old Cooperage



Old Bill still makes the traditional hand crafted barrels. We've never used them but he's doing a roaring trade down at the local garden centre.

Advertisement for Fuggles beer. Features the text 'Fuggles, a brand NEW old fashioned ALE' and an image of a beer bottle. The ad emphasizes the traditional and hand-crafted nature of the beer.

Cricket News and Scores section. Includes contact information for 0891 22 88+ and 0891 22 88 30, and a list of county scores for various matches.

Spicing rises to high degree. A short article or advertisement mentioning 'RUBEN SPRING' and 'century as Worcestershire reached their highest total of the season, 431 at New Road'.

Soccer

David Lacey on the political manoeuvres behind the first co-hosting of the World Cup in 2002

Japan must share with Koreans

JAPAN and South Korea will share the 2002 World Cup. The first time the tournament will have been hosted jointly. The Fifa executive, meeting in Zurich, has effectively snubbed its 30-year-old president Joao Havelange by deciding to split the event between the Japanese and the country they colonised from 1910 to 1945.

Earlier this week Havelange, who has maintained an autocratic control of Fifa's affairs for the past 22 years, declared that co-hosting would not be an option so long as he remained president. But under pressure from the 21-man Fifa executive he was

forced to persuade Shunichiro Okano, the leader of Japan's 2002 bid, to accept the idea of sharing the 32-nation tournament.

The man behind the compromise was Sweden's Lenart Johansson, the president of Uefa and Havelange's challenger for the Fifa presidency. Johansson has been busily working behind the scenes and an agreement was reached in Zurich late on Thursday night; all eight European delegates on the executive backed his initiative.

For once in his life Havelange has had to admit defeat. Yet it was only after talking to members of the executive that he realised that his sup-

port for Japan having a World Cup to itself was untenable.

"I was in the position of a person who needs medical treatment," he admitted. "When you have a fever you have to take your temperature. I took the temperature of the entire executive. When I had done so I presented a proposal [to co-host] which was accepted unanimously."

Havelange insisted that he still had Fifa's unanimous support, but refused to discuss his future after 1998, when he will have to decide either to retire as president or face a challenge from Johansson.

"The discussion was about the World Cup finals in 2002,"

he said. "What will happen in 1998 was not on the agenda."

Increasingly, South Korea's best hope of thwarting Japan for the 2002 World Cup, as it did for the 1988 Olympic Games, lay in an anti-Havelange vote.

Chung Mong-joon, the president of the South Korean football federation and Asian vice-president of Fifa, is a Johansson supporter and became a fierce critic of Havelange. He was upset when the Fifa president had allowed himself to be feted in Nigeria at the time of the execution of the author Ken Saro-Wiwa and eight other human-rights activists.

Havelange's behavioural patterns, his banning of Pele from the 1994 World Cup draw in Las Vegas after what was nothing more than a Brazilian inter-family dispute, and more recently his unilateral promise of the 2006 World Cup to Africa, which immediately upstaged Germany's bid, may also have cost him European support.

For South Korea, which has had to watch Japan set the pace with a slick six-year campaign, Fifa's decision is a major triumph. All along the Koreans had argued that, though the Japanese might be able to offer wealth and technical know-how, theirs was the stronger footballing case. South Korea

had reached four World Cup tournaments proper. Japan none so far.

"This is a victory for us and a loss for Japan," said Kim Ga-young, a member of Korea's bidding committee. "This is the worst-case scenario," said Kenji Mori, the managing director of Japan's J-League.

Logistically, a shared World Cup poses unprecedented problems. Japan and South Korea have different economies, different currencies and different policing policies. Seoul and Tokyo are two hours' flying time apart, a mere flea-hop compared with the distances involved in the United States two years



Havelange... snubbed

ago but with the added complication of immigration procedures.

The European Championship in 2000 is to be shared by Holland and Belgium, but that will be a relatively simple operation compared with the first World Cup of the 21st century, especially as communist North Korea, famous conquerors of Italy in the 1966 tournament, may now want to gate-crash the party as well.

Martyn lined up by Everton

Ian Ross

NIGEL MARTYN, the former England international goalkeeper, is poised to leave Crystal Palace only a week after the club failed to win promotion to the Premiership. He is being courted by Everton, who have already opened preliminary negotiations with the London club.

Although the 29-year-old Martyn signed a new four-year contract only last season, he insisted on a clause guaranteeing an immediate move if any club met an asking price of £1.5 million. Martyn, currently on holiday, has told Palace's manager Dave Bassett that he wants to play Premier League football next season to enhance his chance of an England recall.

With the veteran Welshman Neville Southall still to accept the offer of a two-year contract, Everton's need for a top-class goalkeeper is increasingly apparent. Southall's long-term understudy Jason Kearon will leave on a free transfer this summer.

Craig Short's Everton career may well be over, less than 12 months after his £2.4 million move from Derby County. Leeds are believed to want to include the experienced defender in the £3.5 million deal that will take the Gary Speed to Everton when he returns from honeymoon in 10 days.

Derby are set to add the Danish international right-back Jacob Laursen to their foreign legion. The Premiership newcomers, who on Thursday signed the Croatian midfielder Aljosa Asanovic, have agreed a fee of £500,000 with Silkeborg for Laursen, capped 11 times.

Barry Fry yesterday became owner-manager of Peterborough after a deal reputedly worth £500,000. Mick Halsall, the club's former manager, becomes first-team coach. Trevor Haylett adds: Wales's manager Bobby Gould has dispensed with a sweeper to employ a goal-seeking foursome in San Marino in their opening World Cup qualifier tomorrow night.

Dean Saunders returns alongside Mark Hughes, and with Ryan Giggs intent on realising international ambitions after his Double success with Manchester United there is a sharp edge to the side. Marcus Browning of Bristol Rovers wins his first cap with orders to make it an attacking five on occasion.

"We want Marcus to make runs from deep, and he can do it because he is a good box-to-box player," explained Gould. "Hopefully if our game plan works, our box will be the halfway line."

Four years ago Wales took their qualifying effort to the very last game, when a missed penalty against Romania cost them dear. With Holland, Belgium and Turkey the serious group contenders now, it will be even more difficult to achieve that final step.

WALSLEY: Southall (Everton); Bowen (Norwich); Neville (Sunderland); Coleman (Blackburn); Pennington (Sheff Wednesd); Morris (Everton); Brown (Bristol Rovers); Robinson (Aston Villa); Hughes (Sheff Wednesd); Saunders (Gillingham); Gage (Man Utd).

Four in fight for FA top job

John Duncan

THERE were four candidates for one of the top jobs in English football when nominations for the post of Football Association chairman, currently held by Sir Bert Millichip, closed yesterday.

Favourite to get the job is Geoff Thompson, 50, the youngest member of the FA International committee, and the FA Council member for Sheffield and Lancashire. But he will face stiff competition from Keith Wiseman, 51, a director of Southampton and highly effective chairman of the disciplinary committee, as well as from Sir David Hill-Wood, 69, part of the Arsenal dynasty and currently chairman of the FA Finance committee, and from Dave Richards, the chairman of Sheffield Wednesday.

Although the job is unpaid, the past three holders have received knighthoods. The chairman is elected by the 86-strong FA Council and his task is to unite the various levels of the game, from Premier League to primary school, and to press British interests abroad. The elections will take place on July 11 at the summer meeting of the FA Council. Sir Stan Collymore may take Nottingham Forest to the High Court in an attempt to receive a £425,000 cut of the £8.5 million British record fee paid by Liverpool. Collymore insists he is entitled to five per cent of the fee because he did not ask Forest for a transfer.

Michael Walker on Germany's 'star' player, a defender praised by Jürgen Klinsmann and dubbed the new Beckenbauer

Play it again Sammer

IT WAS easy to tell that John Major had thrown his hat in again. The world's second biggest football tournament was less than a fortnight away but, deep in the heart of Van Morrison country on the leafy edge of Belfast Lough, Jürgen Klinsmann answered questions about British beef, British beer, and, belatedly, German football.

Always the diplomat, Klinsmann said he would eat the first, drink the second and that he subscribed to Bert Vogts's new attacking views for the third. He enthusiastically described Germany's capacity for going forward, but it was only when he began to talk about the defence that he actually singled anyone out.

"In Matthias Sammer," said Klinsmann, "we have a sweeper who plays in a very modern way, one who is able to move into midfield, who is always very balanced, always comfortable on the ball."

In a camp with its fair share, historically, of egotistical tension and one that had been attacked with vitriol by Lothar Matthäus this week, praise is hard won. Then again, Sammer is the current German Footballer of the Year and — in a country futilely obsessed with finding the new Franz Beckenbauer — the latest incumbent of Der Kaiser's shoes.

Popular German opinion has it that Sammer is the one most worthy of the comparison, even though his conversation

sweeper from midfielder is relatively recent. However, the 28-year-old takes such praise with a "So what?" shrug of the shoulders. Time and again he repeats his belief that the blend of a team is more important than the sum of its individuals.

Asked which players due to feature in Euro 96 he admired or feared, Sammer replied: "I have a theory about this. What use is one star? You could take the one star player from each of the 16 teams and together they would still not beat the team that wins the tournament, which I hope is Germany."

When told of Klinsmann's remarks and pressed about his role as "libero", Sammer's response was: "Yes, I am happy in the position, but that is not the most important thing, the team is." Such views have become his trademark in Germany and prompted his coach at Borussia Dortmund, Ottmar Hitzfeld, to comment that of all his players "only Sammer thinks as a coach".

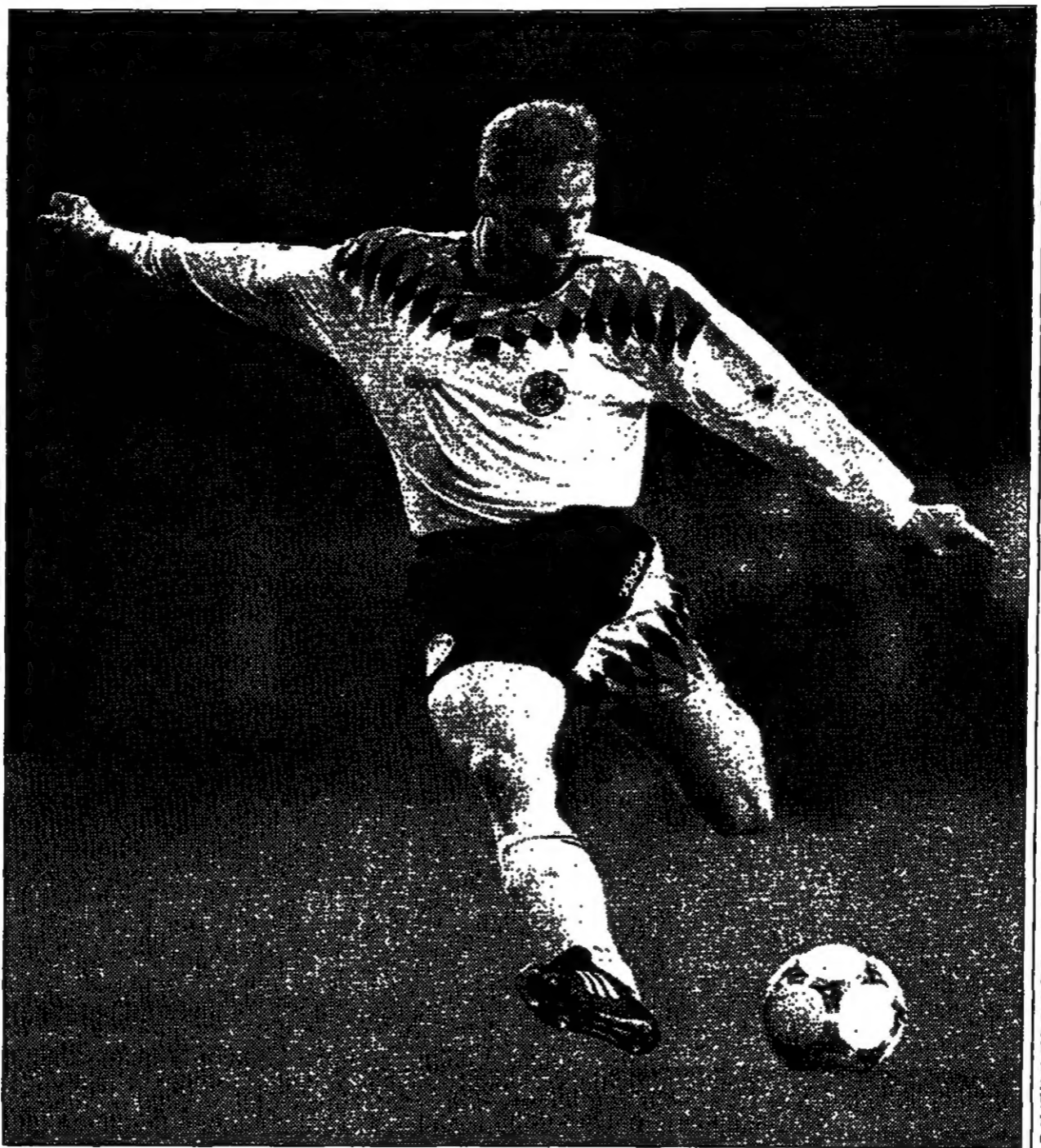
Such emphasis on the team versus the individual should not be interpreted as self-decoration on Sammer's part. He is totally sure of himself and his opinions and consequently has a reputation as a starrer. Only recently he and his Dortmund team-mates Stefan Reuter and Steffen Freund were rebelling and preparing to leave the German champions, until persuaded to stay by a new financial package. Sammer referred to this and a nagging thigh injury when he said: "The last few weeks of the league were full of stress."

He enjoyed the week-long calm of Belfast all the more. He trained on his own initially and only became animated at Windsor Park on Wednesday night. There he set beside his great friend Reuter outside the dug-out, waving and pointing, a man keen to be directing play.

The sluggish Germans looked as though they could do with his languid assurance, and Sammer may play against France this afternoon in Stuttgart. It was against the French that he made his international debut 10 years ago. He was an East German then, playing his club football for Dynamo Dresden in the city where he was born.

"My father first took me there when I was three. I joined them as a five-year-old and there was never any other interest for me after that."

Sammer's father, Klaus, was then coach at Dresden and is now one of Vogts's assistants with the national



Sammer season... a sweeper who plays in a modern way, able to move into midfield, comfortable on the ball' ALEX LIVESKY

team. Klaus, the major influence on his son, had also played for the GDR but early on warned Sammer that the beneficial status granted sportsmen in the regime did not mean they had to endorse it. So, like his father, Sammer never bent his ear for the Stasi.

But Sammer has not snubbed his roots, and a fundraiser for Dresden. The club he won two titles with have slipped from the first to the third division.

"My background is very important to me as a person, but as a player especially. The

discipline I learned helped me when many were not sure about the future. Now I see the good things and I appreciate them."

In December 1990 Sammer became the first player from the East to play for the newly unified Germany, and at the time he admitted to having problems only with the national anthem.

He soon moved west and joined Stuttgart, with whom he won a title before spending an unhappy seven months in Italy with Internazionale. Wooed by Giovanni Trapattoni, he found that the coach had left for Juventus when he

arrived. "Still, I scored four goals in the first six games and was doing well, but when they bought Darko Fancev I was out. Just for the money it would have been good to stay, but not for me as a man."

Sammer returned to Germany, to Dortmund, where he has won consecutive titles. A winners' medal this summer is the next aim but he is a devotee of Vogts's new spirit of "Not at all costs".

"I'm very much into that way through the rounds and have people say, 'Oh, it's the Germans again.'" Hear that, Mr Major?

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Me, my brothers and Euro 96

I AM sure there are many people, men included, who are bracing themselves for Euro 96. I have to say I am not one of them. Since I was a kid I have had a waxing and waning interest in football, which is not shared by many of my female friends.

This interest was initially sparked by my two brothers — both fanatical Manchester United fans geographically separated from the objects of their adoration. While I was bemoaning the fact that I couldn't have a Sindy doll like all my friends, they decided that I should support another team, preferably one which didn't do that well on occasions.

Consequently, West Ham were alighted upon and not even the sainthood of Bobby Moore or charm of Martin Peters could prevent me from feeling a bit miffed, when another West Ham defeat signalled the approach of Bill or Matt to jump on my back, pull my hair and torment me until I was forced to destroy that week's Eagle or draw a pair of glasses on a beloved picture of Bobby Charlton.

Despite this, I got interested in footie and until the age of 12 or so collected and swapped cards and generally managed to talk as knowledgeable as a girl can about the game.

JO BRAND, who explains (left) her love-hate relationship with the Glory Game, will be among the guests at Europe United — a day and night of activities for the football fanatic. The Guardian programme, put on in association with Philosophy Football, kicks off today at 10am at the Royal Festival Hall on London's South Bank. Highlights include a European Fans' Parliament and an evening of terrace wit and humour. Tickets are priced £12.95/8.95 concessions. Present today's Guardian for £1 off at the Purcell Rooms Box Office. Call 0171 960 4242 for details.



Brand... Euro 96 sceptic

Crystal Palace ground and got interested again. I admit openly and without shame that I was romantically involved with a Crystal Palace fan, which in some ways prompted my reawakening. Many men sneer at women who go to football because their boyfriends do. I can't see the problem with this myself, but men do jealously guard the game and seem to have invented the concept of the real football fan (male), and the slightly crap one (female).

Women don't seem to be allowed to be real football fans unless they can answer a series of obscure and point-

less questions about results of long-forgotten matches in the Fifties, substitutes that came on in one game 20 years ago and what the ref's middle name was in a second-round Cup game before your mum and dad were born. This is obviously why a never-ending selection of sports commentators insist endlessly on remarking that women just go to the game to look up footballers' legs. Grow up — we're not quite as puerile as you would be at a women's match, lads.

I went to quite a few Palace games in the Seventies but was eventually put off, following a Palace-QPR match

at which I inadvertently found myself caught up in a massive ruck and narrowly avoided losing my face.

I also took exception to the fact that, on the terraces, male bodily functions were so much easier to express. As far as urinating was concerned, the order of the day was whip it out and use it... horrible yes, but a lot more appealing than tramping through a crowd of sweaty blokes to a concrete shed knee-deep in previous offerings. I'm now a bit of an armchair fan and in the thickest way appreciated Crystal Palace "being damn" because at least I can watch them on telly without having to put money in Mr Murdoch's pocket.

And so to Euro 96. I only hope that the England team can get it together to put on a decent performance as past glories are advancing further into the mists of time and I'd like to see us not having to keep raking up the '96 World Cup to make us feel better.

Incidentally, to all those people who think I am really crap as far as football is concerned because my team did appallingly badly on the last series of Fantasy Football, I'd just like to say I deliberately picked a team of well-known bad boys to show that behaviour didn't pay. Let's hope the more unsavoury element amongst the fans get that message.

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STELLA ARTON COURT CHAMPIONSHIP CLUB

Handwritten signature or mark

Tennis

Catcalls on the catwalk as Pierce goes out of fashion

Richard Williams sees the dress circle in Paris turn against its adopted daughter as she surrenders meekly to the world No. 80

MARY PIERCE was whistled on the court on Monday when the Roland Garros crowd caught its first sight of That Frock, and she was whistled off it yesterday, but this time the sound was very different. For Pierce a week that began with wolf whistles ended with catcalls as she made a humiliating exit from the French Open.

trapped off court yesterday after losing 6-4, 6-2 to Barbara Rittner of Germany, with the tears in her eyes, the 12th seed would probably rather have been wearing something a little less revealing.

her through thick and thin. By the end of yesterday's match they were blatant in their encouragement of her opponent.

pered press conference she could offer no explanation. The trouble with Pierce is that when things are going wrong she can only close her eyes, raise her face to the sun and breathe deeply, attempting to deepen the self-induced trance in which nothing bad can happen.

Buddy serves Sampras well

Stephen Barley in Paris

FASHION, as Mary Pierce discovered yesterday on the centre court of Roland Garros, quickly fades whereas style, as embodied by the quality of the Pete Sampras service, is permanent.

only twice, but on this occasion the oft six boy from Illinois, pushed the No. 1 seed to the limit.

ing up a storm of his own. The problem for Martin is that these purple matches are apt to be long-lived.

was only half full, the French court rather more for an extended lunch than a relatively brief sight of the Russian sixth seed, but it later swelled to its 16,000 capacity for the Sampras-Martin encounter.

Golf

Monty locks on to key

Michael Britten in Hamburg

FOUR hours of critical self-analysis put Colin Montgomerie on track for another tie yesterday.

of the evening thought about the next two weeks and what I want to achieve," he said.

included two penalty shots. "With normal weather I would have won there. Now I'm back in the state I wanted to be for the US Open."

Results

Soccer EUROPEAN U-21 CHAMPIONSHIP Fourth place play-off France 2-1 Scotland 0-0

Davies falls into dark mood and rounds on USGA and its pandering to television

David Henderson in Pinehurst, North Carolina

AURA DAVIES lost her customary cool after a painstaking 5 1/2-hour first round at Pine Needles hampered her hopes of a second successive major title.

most prestigious women's golf event to a halt. Davies failed to conceal her concern that the rigging of the draw to satisfy TV airtime may have cost her the chance to add this title to the LPGA Championship she won three weeks ago.

don't do well. There are a lot of disappointed players here today but it happens every year and the USGA won't change.



This year's model... the wolf whistles turned to jeers for Mary Pierce

Rugby League

Leeds' misery set to continue

Paul Fitzpatrick

DEAN BELL ignored the euphoria when his Leeds side beat Wigan 23-11 at Headingley in November, one of only two league defeats inflicted on the champions during the Centenary season.

Perhaps the Leeds coach had a premonition. When they play like that week in and week out, he said, then he might start to get excited. His caution was justified.

Leeds meet Wigan at Headingley again tonight but any optimism generated on that November evening evaporated long ago.

The defeat by the Bradford Bulls last Friday was another crushing disappointment in a season of almost unrelieved misery for Leeds; it left them with only four points from a possible 18 after starting out as serious title challengers.

Racing

ATV 2.00 (1st) 1. SAMSUNG SPIRIT, J. Bann (10-11), 2. Bold Oriental (11-10), 3. Dan (10-11), 4. E. Wynn (11-10), 5. E. Wynn (11-10), 6. E. Wynn (11-10), 7. E. Wynn (11-10), 8. E. Wynn (11-10), 9. E. Wynn (11-10), 10. E. Wynn (11-10).

BATH

6.30 (1st) 1. 46ydals, J. G. SUTTON (10-11), 2. 46ydals, J. G. SUTTON (10-11), 3. 46ydals, J. G. SUTTON (10-11), 4. 46ydals, J. G. SUTTON (10-11), 5. 46ydals, J. G. SUTTON (10-11), 6. 46ydals, J. G. SUTTON (10-11), 7. 46ydals, J. G. SUTTON (10-11), 8. 46ydals, J. G. SUTTON (10-11), 9. 46ydals, J. G. SUTTON (10-11), 10. 46ydals, J. G. SUTTON (10-11).

STRATFORD

6.30 (1st) 1. 46ydals, J. G. SUTTON (10-11), 2. 46ydals, J. G. SUTTON (10-11), 3. 46ydals, J. G. SUTTON (10-11), 4. 46ydals, J. G. SUTTON (10-11), 5. 46ydals, J. G. SUTTON (10-11), 6. 46ydals, J. G. SUTTON (10-11), 7. 46ydals, J. G. SUTTON (10-11), 8. 46ydals, J. G. SUTTON (10-11), 9. 46ydals, J. G. SUTTON (10-11), 10. 46ydals, J. G. SUTTON (10-11).

CATERICK

2.30 (1st) 1. 46ydals, J. G. SUTTON (10-11), 2. 46ydals, J. G. SUTTON (10-11), 3. 46ydals, J. G. SUTTON (10-11), 4. 46ydals, J. G. SUTTON (10-11), 5. 46ydals, J. G. SUTTON (10-11), 6. 46ydals, J. G. SUTTON (10-11), 7. 46ydals, J. G. SUTTON (10-11), 8. 46ydals, J. G. SUTTON (10-11), 9. 46ydals, J. G. SUTTON (10-11), 10. 46ydals, J. G. SUTTON (10-11).

WOLVERHAMPTON

2.40 (1st) 1. 46ydals, J. G. SUTTON (10-11), 2. 46ydals, J. G. SUTTON (10-11), 3. 46ydals, J. G. SUTTON (10-11), 4. 46ydals, J. G. SUTTON (10-11), 5. 46ydals, J. G. SUTTON (10-11), 6. 46ydals, J. G. SUTTON (10-11), 7. 46ydals, J. G. SUTTON (10-11), 8. 46ydals, J. G. SUTTON (10-11), 9. 46ydals, J. G. SUTTON (10-11), 10. 46ydals, J. G. SUTTON (10-11).

Weekend fixtures

Soccer UEFA U-21 CHAMPIONSHIP: Scotland 1-0 Norway, 17.00. UEFA U-21 CHAMPIONSHIP: Scotland 1-0 Norway, 17.00. UEFA U-21 CHAMPIONSHIP: Scotland 1-0 Norway, 17.00.

Rugby League

STONES SUPER LEAGUE: Leeds v Wigan (6.00), Yorkshire v Wakefield (6.00), London v Hull (6.00), London v Hull (6.00), London v Hull (6.00).

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Guineas winner misses Derby, page 8
Split decision on 2002, page 10

Play it again Sammer, page 10
Pierce goes out of fashion, page 11

Sports Guardian

COUNTDOWN TO EURO 96

England in need of redemption



David Lacey

SHORTLY before England flew to the Far East, an indignant FA official rang a Sunday newspaper and rebuked him for headlines that had appeared after the Hungary match. How was he supposed to explain to certain players that they were "trash"?

To judge from what has appeared in the press since Terry Venables's squad returned from Hong Kong, the answer is self-evident. For in the space of 48 hours, and with Euro 96 a week away, England have achieved the near-impossible by bringing themselves into even lower public esteem than the depths plumbed during the 1992 tournament in Sweden.

This time, moreover, they have done so before a ball has been kicked. Four years ago there were questions in the Commons concerning the chronic inability of Graham Taylor's side to score goals. Now MPs of the handwagon persuasion are demanding that those said to have caused 25,000 damage on the Cathay Pacific flight bringing them home from Hong Kong should be thrown out of the squad.

The FA's reaction to the initial story was to promise an urgent inquiry. Since Venables was immediately embarked on a trip to Switzerland, and as the switzers were not due to report back until tomorrow, Lancaster Dale's sense of urgency was roughly on a par with Robb Wilton's response to a fire alarm.

In any case nobody could be sure what had happened, or who was responsible, until the airline provided specific details. The fact that to the combination of champagne and a 13-hour flight had been added the name of Paul Gascoigne did not amount to proof of misconduct, although Cathay is now threatening to sue.

The fuss might have died down had yesterday's newspapers not published photographs of what had gone on in a Hong Kong club the night before the squad had flown home. To judge from these pictures, and eye-witness accounts, England were far more entertaining in the China Jump Bar than they had been in the exhibition match a few hours earlier.

Apparently Gascoigne celebrated his 29th birthday reclining in a dentist's chair while tequila was poured into him by a barman. He was also said to have bought Dom Perignon champagne at £140 a bottle, and this on a weekend when George Weah, the Liberian who plays for Milan, had spent his time in Hong Kong coaching youngsters and appealing for more funds for the game's grass roots in Africa.

Shirts having been exchanged earlier in the day, they were now mutually torn apart. Just what England's sponsors, Green Flag and Umbro, think about their names being so clearly displayed on the tattered remnants of Les Ferdinand's casual wear may yet be the subject of a crisis board meeting or two.

The question of how much the players concerned drank or were affected by drink is less material than the fact that they were seen behaving this way, and that with England's first major tournament for 30 years so close several members of the squad were allowed out until 2.30am.

EVEN so, the Hong Kong high jinks might have been glossed over had the flight home been less eventful. Blanket criticism of the squad, moreover, ignores the fact that only seven players appear to have stayed out until the early hours. But if the FA's excuse for going to Beijing and Hong Kong was to avoid English hooligans, nothing was said about taking their own.

"I don't think it's compulsory to be bored out of your head," was Venables's response to a Hong Kong reporter's question about the wisdom of the trip. But neither is it a requirement to be stoned out of your mind.

Croatia has omitted a squad player for sitting in a bar at three in the morning eating a sandwich. They must feel their image is worth preserving. Nobody will be thrown out of Venables's squad. But England had better win their opening game.



I'll get these... Sunday evening's parade of England players included, from the left, Steve Howey, Darren Anderton, Steve McManaman, Paul Gascoigne and Teddy Sheringham

Guardian writers report on the milk-swilling, clean-living, alcohol-abstaining habits of Continental players

Europe takes issue with English ways

ENGLAND stood isolated in Europe last night as other nations competing in Euro 96 expressed astonishment at the unconventional way in which Terry Venables's squad have been preparing for the tournament.

FRANCE
DEVOID of Cantona and Giroud, an anodyne but dependable French national team is lumbering up with a gentle schedule of friendlies and, above all, no long flights.

HOLLAND
A BRACING walk on the beach, a game of whist, and a glass of milk before bed is the most the Dutch squad can expect at their hotel in the coastal resort of Noordwijk.

SCOTLAND
CRAIG BROWN, the Scotland manager, insists on responsibility rather than curfew. On the trip to the United States,

lag and long flights a fortnight before the championships," said Bruno Vigouroux, of the sports daily L'Equipe.

France's own preparations are low-key. "They obviously have their own chef - which is doubly important in Britain because of mad cow disease - and they are allowed to drink in moderation," said a spokesman for the French FA.

Players are permitted their own Walkman. After a day's training and an evening meal, most settle down to a game of cards or watch TV before bedtime at a reasonable hour," said Rob de Leeuw, a spokesman for the Holland team.

Asked about the possibility of Gazza-style behaviour in the Dutch squad, De Leeuw said: "We're not like the English. There is no ban on alcohol but the players don't want to drink it."

squad was given a day off yesterday. But not to paint the town red. "Night-clubs? No way, maybe the cinema and visiting family," De Leeuw said. Today's highlight will be an afternoon's fishing.

ITALY
CONDITIONS before and after an international are like "life in barracks," said a correspondent who has followed the side on tour. "Early to bed, early to rise, and no girls. Players are lodged two to a room in hotels so that each keeps an eye on the other."

An Italian FA spokeswoman said: "There is no code as such. We leave it to the trainer to make the rules, but rules are made - on when to get up, when to turn in, and when to eat. They are professionals."

Players who step out of line, such as Gianluca Vialli, are excluded - even at the risk of prejudicing Italy's chances.

Lothar Matthäus, who will not feature in Euro 96, told Bild newspaper that he was "happy" he would never have to work with Bertl Vogts and Jürgen Klinsmann again. The manager responded by saying that his former captain would "never play again for the national team."

GERMANY
THERE was discord in the German camp yesterday but it had nothing to do with alcohol.

DENMARK
SINCE Denmark's largest dairy sponsors the national team, milk is the staple diet at the training camps. No alcohol is seen on the table.

"Manager Richard Møller Nielsen expects us to behave responsibly," said Kim Kullfort, who scored in Denmark's 1992 European Championship victory over Germany. "In my almost 10 years in the national team I have never seen problems related to alcohol. The management believe that I and my team-mates know when to stop, not just for the good of our image as sportsmen."

Guardian COLLINS Crossword 20,668

A copy of the Collins English Dictionary will be sent to the first five correct entries drawn. Entries to Guardian Crossword No 20,668, P.O. Box 315, Mitcham, Surrey, CR4 2AX, by first post on Friday. Solution and winners in the Guardian on Monday June 10.

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Handwritten notes on the right margin: "Brek Brown of... despite conf...", "in ego", "ses", "the", "nd", "fear".

Handwritten signature or mark at the bottom center of the page.

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The Guardian Outlook

DEREK BROWN on Bibi Netanyahu, a thrice-married king of the hawkish soundbite, who despite confessing his adultery on primetime TV remains shrouded in mystery

An ego rises in the land of fear

THE NEXT prime minister of Israel, as a profound admirer of Winston Churchill, is doubtless familiar with the great man's celebrated description of Soviet policy in 1938: "It is a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma."
There could be no finer description of Binjamin "Bibi" Netanyahu, both the best-known and least-known, political leader in Israel. Everyone knows Bibi; he's the one with the face that launched a thousand quips. The soundbite king; the great performer; the man who illustrated his country's peril during Desert Storm by wearing a gas mask on CNN, and who shocked Israel into fits of giggles by confessing, live on primetime TV, that he had had an extramarital affair.
But then again, nobody knows Bibi. Not even those who work with him. One former member of his staff enthusiastically described his qualities: hard-working, a stern but fair taskmaster, easy to approach, a good listener, and so on. But what was he really like? "You know, I really have no idea," she said. "I never learned anything about him."

The wife



Sara, his third wife, is a former El Al stewardess

The lover



PR consultant Ruth Bar, the other half of Bibigate

When Israel's talk about Bibi, two words invariably pop up: "shallow" and "superficial". Such is the flattening effect of television on image. In reality, he is a great deal more complex than the usual Israeli leaders: the grizzled veterans marinated for generations in their own clichéd slogans, and open books to their followers. Bibi is a closed book, which just happens to have a shiny bonobus cover blinding at the eyes with its glare. As with Bibigate, featuring sex, lies and maybe a raunchy videotape. The dizzying rise of Netanyahu is not so much mysterious as chilling. Astute, articulate, and, when used to be, utterly ruthless, he carved his way past the sagging old guard of the Likud movement, and the "party princes" — the rising and middle generations with more experience. Bibi is, by common consent, a driven man. He is consumed by personal ambition, but there are other, higher gods in his pantheon. One is the survival of the Zionist state; another is the elimination of "terrorism".

Obsessiveness is part of his inheritance. Born in Tel Aviv in 1949, he is the son of Benzion Netanyahu, renowned scholar and arch-nationalist. Part of Netanyahu senior's life's work. The Origins of the Inquisition in Fifteenth Century Spain, was published last year. The other part is his austere dedication to revisionist Zionism, the cause of his idol and mentor, Ze'ev Jabotinsky. This is a hard, uncompromising view of Zionism: that the Arabs were the implacable foes of the Jews, and that Israel should be established on both sides of the Jordan, whatever the cost.

There is no evidence that the reclusive Benzion Netanyahu, now 87, has retreated an inch from this view, and, considering evidence that his second son, the new prime minister, has absorbed much of it. The other great formative influence in Bibi's life is the United States. He went to live there



'Bibi' Netanyahu in Citizen Kane pose. He claimed a political rival threatened to release a video showing him 'in compromising situations' unless he dropped out of a leadership race. In another echo of the film. He is astute, articulate and utterly ruthless

aged 14, when his father, ambittered by modern Israel, took up an academic job in Philadelphia. Bibi was apparently devastated by the move, but adapted so readily that when he returned to Israel for army service, he had difficulty fitting in with the egalitarian informality of his native land.

He had a distinguished military career, rising to captain and serving in the dangerous, daredevil border reconnaissance unit. He was wounded in the face while helping to rescue hijacked passengers from a Sabena aircraft in 1972.

Later that year, he returned to the US to study at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He graduated in architecture, took a master's degree in business administration, and honed his political skills by defending Israel in public meetings. Whatever doubts he may have had — he simplified his name by deed poll to Benjamin

Nitay — were swept aside by possibly the defining event in his life: the death of his brother, Yonatan.

Yoni Netanyahu was the only Israeli soldier killed in the sensational commando raid on Entebbe, which rescued 106 hijacked hostages from under Idi Amin's nose. Bibi was devastated, and hurried himself into the national movement which elevated Yoni to icon status. In 1980 Bibi set up and directed the Yonatan Institute, dedicated to the study of terrorism and how to combat it. The work crystallised his passionate conviction that terror is ultimately a weapon of states and can be successfully countered.

By this time, the singular pattern of Bibi's personal life had been set. In 1978, while working in a swank business consultancy in Boston, he married Mickey, a postgraduate student. They had a daughter, Noa, but the marriage foundered when Mickey learned of Bibi's affair with Fleur Carey, an English graduate of the Harvard Business School. The soap opera switched to Israel, where Bibi was briefly employed as a furniture company manager. He married Fleur, in 1981, but Bibi's political career started to soar, and again the marriage imploded. There was speculation about infidelity, incompatibility and Fleur's politically embarrassing lack of fluency in Hebrew. They divorced in 1988.

Bibi's first public job came at the request of Moshe Arens, a leading Likudnik and newly-appointed ambassador to the US, to join him in Washington as number two — dream job for the young, articulate, American-accented Netanyahu. He dazzled diplomatic correspondents with his silky smooth, deeply sincere advocacy of his country. Israel's blood-soaked invasion of Lebanon in 1982

could probably have been defended, but not as effectively as Bibi did it. Soon he found himself in the high-profile role of Israel's ambassador to the United Nations.

Lionised by New York society, he honed and buffed his US-Israeli composite image. It did him no harm in his first, successful, tilt at the Knesset (parliament) in 1988, and a great deal of good when he became deputy foreign minister — to Arens again.

The Gulf war brought truly international fame. Bibi's mastery of the soundbite may have cemented his two-dimensional image, but it gave him a persona and a priceless weapon in the campaign for the next largest leadership of the Likud.

In 1991, Bibi was married for the third time, to Sara, an El Al stewardess. He also found time to embark on an affair with a PR consultant: the affair that led to Bibigate. Sara was tipped

off in an anonymous phone call in January 1993, two months before the crucial leadership election. What occurred between the Netanyahus may never be known. What is known is that Bibi headed immediately for the place he knows best: the television studio. He confessed, almost tearfully, that he had been unfaithful. The nation was convulsed — by laughter.

Marital infidelity is just as hurtful, just as seamy, in Israel as anywhere else. But it is also a good deal more common. That a politician should think it worthy of primetime was bizarre to most Israelis.

But Bibi had more spics to offer. A political rival, he claimed, was threatening to release a videotape showing him "in compromising situations" unless he dropped out of the leadership race. It was, he intoned, "the worst political crime in Israel

history, perhaps in the history of democracy". Phew!

The clear target of this remarkable charge, though unnamed, was the man who, before and since Bibigate, has been Netanyahu more than any other: former foreign minister and thwarted would-be Likud leader David Levy. Levy threw a fit and extracted an apology from Bibi. The police were called in and found no evidence of a video or a plot. But the damage was done. In March 1993, Netanyahu swept to victory in the party convention.

When they had finished laughing, many Israelis found the extraordinary episode disturbing. Who is this man? Which planet is he from? they asked. And some are asking still. As opposition leader, Bibi has had to endure a government which was assemblyly unworkable, a government which made all the running. As the peace process unfolded, to incredulous Israeli gasps, Bibi was reduced to impotence on the sidelines. He could fulminate about the deal with Yasser Arafat, but he had no solid alternative.

The opinion polls swung back and forth with every new atrocity and every new breakthrough. Israel's peace deal with Jordan was hugely popular, and Bibi could count on a vote over to Amman in the wake of Yitzhak Rabin and Shimon Peres. The bombings and shootings were more to his advantage, but still the question remained — and remains — what would Likud do?

LAST YEAR, opposition to the Oslo accords with the PLO became more ugly. Posters appeared of prime minister Rabin in SS uniform. Slogans against "traitors" were shouted at Likud and other rightwing rallies. On November 4, Bibi's worst nightmare was acted out in a Tel Aviv square. Yitzhak Rabin was gunned down by a young Jewish zealot, an ardent opponent of the peace accords, Yigal Amir.

In an instant the nation was plunged into caustic grief and an orgy of remorse. Young people poured on to the streets to light candles for the man whose Bibi had now killed. Endless queues wound past Rabin's grave. The politics of hatred was exorcised. Leah, the widow of the murdered leader, accused Bibi of hush-money.

In vain he blustered and indignantly denied the charge. The opinion polls slipped from crisis to calamity. The new prime minister, Shimon Peres, had a 20-point lead. The story of how that unprecedented advantage was squandered is not Bibi's story. He was not content when Peres ordered the assassination of Hamas master bomber Yehya Ayyash, sparking the inevitable vengeance. Nor could Bibi do more than look on when the bombers struck back, taking 69 lives in less than two weeks.

Even when the election was called, the Likud leader's hands were, to an extent, tied. He did not dare unleash the fire and brimstone fervour of the old campaign against Rabin. He could not criticise too loudly the government's disastrous adventure in attacking Lebanon.

What he could do, and nobody could have done it better, was to drive home, with deadly drumming persistence, the single point that the peace has not brought security. At the climax of the election campaign, last Sunday's television debate, he did not have to be glib or clever or inventive. He just had to say the word "fear". He said it 14 times, because that's the way the message gets over. And it did.

Martin Woolcott, page 14

Arguably the best literary magazine in the world

Alan Bennett's diary, Elaine Showalter (on unsafe sex), Ian Hamilton (on being a soccer bore), Marina Warner (on Lewis Carroll), Michael Holroyd ('Travels with my Aunt'), Perry Anderson (on Europe), David Sylvester (on Cézanne), Terry Eagleton (on Stuart Hall), Jenny Diski (on Dennis Potter), David Runciman (on the Great Lottery con), Hilary Mantel (on Kate Atkinson) and Ronan Bennett (on being grateful to Gerry Adams).

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صحة من الامم

We can get there if we try

ELECTIONS in Northern Ireland rarely change anything. This one, though, might just begin to break the mould. Like all Ulster elections, it was more about the relative party strengths within the respective Unionist and nationalist traditions than about the relative position between them. Mighty important those internal battles among Catholic and Protestant voters have turned out to be this time. There has been a powerful swing to Sinn Féin among nationalist voters — giving the party by far its strongest position since the hungerstrikes of the early eighties — and severely weakening John Hume's Social Democratic and Labour Party, which now faces an internal crisis. Meanwhile David Trimble's Ulster Unionists have won back the leadership of Unionist Northern Ireland from the Democratic Unionists — if anyone doubts that, look at the result in Ian Paisley's own Antrim North where there was a 10.5 per cent swing from DUP to UUP since 1992. Nevertheless, the Unionist vote has rarely been more fragmented; both the UUP and the DUP have been

eroded by the most effective re-entry since the seventies of smaller Unionist parties into the political equation.

This time, however, there was also something more. Whereas all other elections in Northern Ireland are variations on the rituals by which the essential allegiances are reproduced, this one was also a means to an unprecedented end. It was a preparatory election to the convening on June 10 of all-party talks about the future of Northern Ireland involving not merely the main constitutional parties but also politicians who speak for the armed militant traditions on both sides. Such talks have not happened before. Now at last they may — and should.

It is essential to remember that the talks are the whole point of these elections. In a narrow sense, they were the prize which Mr Trimble's party demanded as the precondition for their participation in negotiations; that condition has now been fulfilled and the Unionist parties must therefore play their rightful part inside the talks, not stay on the sidelines. But the talks were also the alternative precondition to arms decommissioning, as put forward by the British government following the Mitchell Report. That too has been fulfilled, albeit grudgingly at first, by the main nationalist and republican parties. It was right that these parties overcame their suspicion and took part, and now they too must have their reward. Now these parties, including Sinn Féin, must play their mandated role in the talks.

There is, however, a crucial problem to be overcome: the absence of an IRA ceasefire. Nothing will be gained by pretending this problem does not exist.

Gerry Adams skates over it when he says that the elections were supposed to offer Sinn Féin a direct route into the talks process. John Major made that pledge on January 24, while the IRA's 17-month ceasefire still existed. Three weeks afterwards, on February 12, the IRA abandoned its ceasefire, fundamentally changing the conditions in which the elections would be held. The elections have now renewed all mandates, but both the Irish and British governments have said repeatedly that Sinn Féin cannot take part in talks without a ceasefire. How do we therefore get from here to where we want to be?

It is impossible to see how the talks can begin as originally envisaged without an urgent further political initiative, including fresh public assurances from the IRA. Such an obstacle was not intended when the elections were announced, but the end of the ceasefire has created it, and it remains a real stumbling block. If London and Dublin are as serious as they ought to be about getting the talks started, they must now act decisively and in concert to get Sinn Féin into the talks on an acceptable basis. It would be wrong for either London or Dublin to act unilaterally at this highly-charged time. This is not a moment for megaphone diplomacy but for intensive and energetic joint problem-solving effort. The British government and Sinn Féin must work with, not against, one another to try to achieve a solution to this genuine difficulty, while not at the same time giving the Unionists the excuse to boycott the talks. More easily said than done? Of course. But overwhelmingly in all our interests too.

The genius done good

AFTER *Ode To Joy*, *Ode To Tortured Genius?* Jimmy Greaves, older fans may remember, had a bit of a problem. George Best went the same way. In the eighties, the genius lay further afield: Maradona assumed the bad boy mantle in the absence of a home-grown star of sufficient stature. Then, some time before Cantona, came Gazza. An Englishman with enough talent to impress on the world's stage, he fulfilled every criteria: immature, emotional, with a podgy physique, an ability to drift past opponents... and a fondness for drink.

The Sun adopted a tone of disgusted outrage to report the picture exclusive which covered its first three pages yesterday. "This man is totally p****," a doctor wrote, while the leader writers derided the "fool-mouthed, beer-swilling lout". Good copy and a good story. Thank goodness for Gazza, the Sun must have said to itself as it went to bed.

Talented artists have never had an easy time of it. As Dryden wrote: "Great wits are near to madness." Or as the Sun might have said, "It was Socrates wot done it." Since then, via Galileo to Wilde, genius has had trouble conforming to the ways of the times. Beethoven, another of the Sun's circulation boosters in recent days, had his problems. Misanthropic, asexual and uncouth, with a bad temper exacerbated by his deafness, he could, as every football fan will soon know, write marvellous music.

Run down a list of composers and the number who were really nice people is rather small. Mozart was generally unpleasant with a scatological bent. Schoenberg was touchy, and really it was better not to be around Gesualdo. Stradella, shot in 1682 at the age of 37 following his elopement with one Ortesia, set a pattern for musicians ever since. Skipping along to the present, Noel Gallagher, one of the shining lights of British creativity, is not the sort of person you would invite back to meet your mum. You would even hesitate to invite his mum. Contemporary British classical music, meanwhile, is divided between the flowing locks of Simon Rattle and Nigel Kennedy's stubble and dropped consonants.

Cultured men and women of letters can compete with composers in the mad and/or socially-maladjusted genius stakes. Christopher Marlowe ended his days prematurely in a tavern brawl, while more recently Brendan Behan was fond of a drop, as was John Osborne. Ernest Hemingway, let's face it, was guided by some deeply irrational urges, and Dylan Thomas liked more than the occasional glass. As for his countryman, Richard Burton, it might be better to leave the acting profession out of this.

The suggestion that Gazza is in the same creative league as some of these names is not entirely serious. But the premise that a 29-year-old who happens to be a remarkably gifted footballer should also possess the skills required to make him an ambassador for his country is a strange one. It would come as little surprise to find that captains of industry, when abroad, aren't always sober.

Israel's position as the democratic beacon in the Middle East is fast being overtaken by its quest for total domination, says MARTIN WOOLLACOTT

Soul of a nation locked in its own hatred

REDEEM Israel, O God, out of all his troubles. The psalmist's cry for divine help to a place of perfect safety, acceptable as religious sentiment or emotional reality, has been disastrously transformed into political myth.

Israelis have voted, or too many of them have, for the fantasy that there is such a thing as total security and that mastery over their neighbours, never achieved in the past, can somehow now be realised. In doing so they endanger themselves and everybody else. The Israelis risk the future not only of their region, but add their ominous decision to all those others, taken or pending, which in many parts of the globe could mean a return to conflict and war.

There is a tide in the affairs of peace, which must be taken at the flood, or else left to turn. In the Caucasus, in the Balkans, in the Maghreb, in South Asia and elsewhere this tide, which in many parts of the globe could mean a return to conflict and war, is at a critical point, no longer at its high, but not yet lost. It is also true that peace in the Middle East is not the exclusive property of Israelis, nor of Arabs, Iranians and Turks, but concerns the whole world in a way in which that of no other region does.

Israel's creation would have been impossible without the active support of Western

countries and the acquiescence, at least, of many others. Its prosperity and its military power are also achievements to which others have contributed and continue to contribute. In this sense, for all its understandable feelings of loneliness and sometimes of despair, it is an international phenomenon, standing less on its own than other, smaller and weaker, countries.

This is not to dispute the responsibility of others, including Herzl, Assad, who could probably have won the election for Peres had he wished to do so, or Yasser Arafat, whose uncertain course in the territories and blatantly two-faced speech making, did not help. But there are some nations whose elections and whose political decisions concern us all, and in which we feel we have a right, as it were, of indirect representation. Israel is preminent among them. This the Israelis knew, and yet enough of them voted as they did to produce the result we see.

Or perhaps they did not know. In spite of their shrewdness and their worldly knowledge, too many Israelis lead isolated lives, failing to fully connect their decisions to the fate of other human beings in other countries. They live, the Likud leader Binyamin Netanyahu famously said, "in a tough neighbourhood", but the question is whether, mentally, some of them live in a neighbourhood at all. That includes



Netanyahu himself, for the pleasure of the "neighbourhood" that Netanyahu has conveyed to the Israeli electorate is based on a mechanistic and dehumanised model of terrorism. There are tyrannical states, like Iran, Iraq, and Libya, who finance and control terrorist movements. Their aim is to destroy democracies by terrorising their innocent civilian populations.

There is no causation here, just an idea of evil which appears out of nowhere and must be ruthlessly opposed. In his essays and books on this topic, Netanyahu simply dismisses the argument that violent action almost always has some basis in conditions of oppression, of national interest, or at least, of grievance. That does not mean that such action is justified. It does mean that a purely military response can never be more than temporarily successful. This is the lesson that, in Israel, Labour has learned, but Likud has not.

But the secular voter who accepts Netanyahu's diagrammatic analysis of the war of the terrorists against the democracies is joined in Israel by the religious voter who has made territorial control into a sacred imperative. Israel is now paying the price for the long appeasement of the religious by the secular parties. A substantial part of religious Israel has demanded and got systematic

subsidies that allow them to live a pre-modern life, avoiding productive employment, avoiding modern education, avoiding modern relationships between the sexes. During that same period, they have shed their original objections to the Zionist territorial state. There are honourable exceptions, but many of them are now among its most irrational upholders.

Their ambitions now go beyond a subsidised autonomy within Israel and a substantial influence on religious questions. They begin to aspire to a role in leadership and the shaping of the whole society. This is the struggle that has become entangled with policies toward the Arabs.

There are ironic parallels with the growth of fundamentalism in Islamic countries like Turkey where secular parties similarly funded a religious educational system which became the sociological base for a political movement. This year's shift to separate elections for prime minister and the legislature was intended to ease the post-election task of coalition building by giving the chosen prime minister more leverage. What it has done instead is to un couple religious from secular politics. People can now avoid a vote for the main parties, with their unavoidably diverse, associated bundles of policies, and cast it instead for religious party programmes unalloyed by any serious contact with regional or international reality. They have done so, driving up religious representation in the parliament, and shattering the representation of both Zionist parties, Labour and Likud. That could turn out to be the most important development of this campaign.

Religious voter and Likud voter alike, no doubt again with honourable exceptions, have taken the Manichean option as far as peace with the Arabs is concerned. It can be argued that this refusal to extend a human understanding to the other side, and indeed to the world at large, characterises many of those who voted for Netanyahu, for Likud, and for the religious parties. Yet Labour, too, walked on this stage. The election campaign was a strangely distorted affair. If it was for the "soul of Israel" how was it that one more bomb-bombing would, it was regularly said, tip it against Shimon Peres?

WHAT nonsense was this, that if another 90 Israelis were murdered, peace would go in the bin? And, if the election was about peace, why did Peres have to go to war in his efforts to win votes? Each leader played with the need of angry and fearful people for a simple drama in which what Israel is has unquestionably theirs, and those who disturb their peace are summarily dealt with. This ultimately was the peace most at issue in the campaign, the peace to which Israelis feel they have an absolute right in their everyday lives, the one-sided freedom from bullet or bomb, not the peace which they had still to finish making with others.

But, almost certainly, most of these voters grasp at some level that Likud policy does not actually mean that Israel can stop counting its dead. It is the emotional safety of an uncomplicated world, perhaps, that appealed more than the physical safety which Netanyahu, no longer a man of peace, can promise or deliver.

It is the craving for that emotional safety, far from the messy, infuriating reality of the Middle East, from which Israel needs deliverance.

Labour beefs up its style

Rattling the bars



Ian Aitken

THESE are bad times for those of us who still believe good can occasionally emerge from the activities of professional politicians. Both the big parties seem to be hell-bent on proving that cynicism and realism are the same thing.

On the Tory side, ministers are pursuing the most infantile form of jingoism in the hope — happily not yet realised — that it will gain them a point or two in the polls. Even Euro-enthusiasts like Baroness Chalker, who was a one-time Heathite group, trapeze obediently to Brussels to block EU measures they agree with. Yet there isn't a sniff of a resignation in the air — no, not even Ken Clarke's.

On the Labour side, shadow ministers are frantically pitching overboard every remaining vestige of the libertarian ideals which were once part of the reason for the party's very existence. Messrs Straw and Blunkett, both reformed lefties, aren't content with hijacking Tory policies on crime and education. They have gone a step further, abandoning the wimpy cry of "Me, too!" in favour of the more robust "We thought of it first!"

Indeed that, almost word for word, was Jack Straw's reaction to Michael Howard's scheme to stop criminals finding a job. As for David Blunkett, I wouldn't have been surprised if his new "back to basics" approach to primary education had also included a return to the cane.

There is, in any case, an elementary error in the reasoning behind Blunkett's case, which rests on the assertion that one-third of children leaving primary schools have a reading age less than that of an 11-year-old. But what does this mean?

The concept of a "reading age" is partly based on the average achievement of 11-year olds. But unless all chil-

dren display exactly the same reading ability, it is obvious that some will be above the average and some below it. It also follows that, if you bring all the less successful children up to the average, then the average itself will by definition rise.

Theoretically, this process could continue until all children reached the same standard as the cleverest — which would then become the new average. This might be a highly desirable outcome, perhaps, but even New Labour would probably hesitate to adopt it as achievable.

GOING back to the Tories, the man who somehow personifies the imbecility of Major's beef war isn't the prime minister himself; it is Roger Freeman, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, who is described as "minister for the public services".

Considering the state of our remaining public services that doesn't say much for his performance. On the other hand, it probably leaves him with plenty of spare time, which may explain why Major chose him as front man or should one say drummer boy? — in the beef war.

So there he is, splattered across Europe's television screens, invariably wearing a loudly-striped suit and a stiff collar, both of which are slightly too tight. He grins like an idiot whenever he is caught on camera, no matter how much he is being humiliated.

He looks like one of the sturdier members of the Drones, which was Bertie Wooster's favourite club. The only thing he lacks is a silver-topped cane for him to suck. And maybe Jeeves could have a quiet word about that suit.

SEE that the Electoral Reform Society is sending a delegation to Mongolia to teach them how to run elections. I wish its members the best of luck, with a warning that the experts have been there before.

One of these was a salesman from a US firm marketing those lever-operated voting machines used in American elections. He gave me the full sales pitch one day in a Commons bar.

When I questioned whether he could make one suited to our arcane electoral system, he replied: "Sir, there is no system we can't fit. Why, we even have an Outer Mongolian model, but the wrong lever and it fills your belly with lead."

David Blunkett, page 17

Smallweed



THE RECOGNITION of every new ailment (ME, eating disorder, the latest, smartest allergy) is accompanied by three developments: the support group, the telephone helpline and

the emergence of the back-bench MP keen to make the sufferers' cause his own. Every ailment, that is, bar one. Xenophobia, it seems, are the voiceless ones, fit only to take a terrible slating in the expensive newspapers. Where are the amateur social workers? Where is the TV star rattling the tin on Radio 4's "good cause" slot? Nowhere, that's where. And Britain's top phobia centre, the Maudsley Hospital in London, even doubts whether xenophobia is a real phobia at all. Irrational fear of strangers, explained nurse Kim Miller, is not a phobia by itself, although the "feared consequence" of contact with strangers may well be. Has she ever treated a xenophobe? "No, definitely not. I've never heard of anyone being referred for it". Xenophobes take heart: the experts doubted migraine, once.

WIDER still and wider (1): Britain may have lost control of its cod and kine, but our frontiers remain, as Harold Wilson once claimed, on the Himalayas. For those who suspect that the only aspect of the nation-state they would happily see redundant — the punching our weighty vital influence, global reach bit — is, in reality, the only aspect likely to survive, this has not been a good week. On Tuesday, we learned of attacks on British soldiers by Cypriots in the wake of the Louise Jensen murder.

In the circus, a low British profile may have been in order, but a few days earlier, the Government announced that Sir David Hannay would "spearhead British attempts to break the deadlock" between the Cypriot Greeks and Turks, according to the Press Association. That Britain is

currently the worst-placed country to bring tranquility to Cyprus seems to have occurred to no one. On Wednesday, the Foreign Office was punching our weight in Albania. The FO regretted the withdrawal of the main opposition parties from the elections, adding: "We hope that a parliamentary democratic pluralism in Albania is safeguarded." Come Thursday, and the Foreign Secretary was in Washington expressing Britain's concerns about another election, in Israel. Such pseudo-Gladstonian activity does at least explain why our eye seems never to be on the ball in Europe.

DR WHO met a less-than-ecstatic critical reception on his return to earth on Spring Bank Holiday, and the BBC is now no doubt beefing up the projected five years'

worth of programmes for which it has signed new Who Paul McGarr. Smallweed suggests a modest time-trip back to November 1973 and the Radio Times 10th anniversary Who special, containing the short story *We Are The Daleks*, written by the creator of the killer dustbins, Terry Nation. In the closing lines, one of the characters blurts out the horrible truth about the identity of the universe's most evil species — it's the human race. The Daleks, he suggests, being nuclear-war-frazzled flesh inside armoured shells, represent the destination of man's evolution: "We are the Daleks." Strong meat at any time, and one month after the atomic brinkmanship of the Arab-Israeli war it was obviously too rich for TV adaptation. The general idea, watered down, made daytime television in Genesis Of The De-

leks many months later, with the nuclear holocaust suitably removed to far-off Skaro and Tom Baker ending with an upbeat speech suggesting the universe's good eggs would band together and dial the dustbins. In these more sophisticated times, the BBC should breath new life into Terry Nation's original conception. Or, as our stalk-eyed friends would have it, Resuscitate! Resuscitate!

WIDER still and wider (2): Elsewhere, another triumph for British influence emerged in Grozny when, on Tuesday, President Yeltsin flew in to inform his troops: "Victory is yours. We have won." The Foreign Office's heroic Douglas Hurd-created line on Chechnya, you will recall, has been to back the Russian invasion through-out the "annihilation" of the

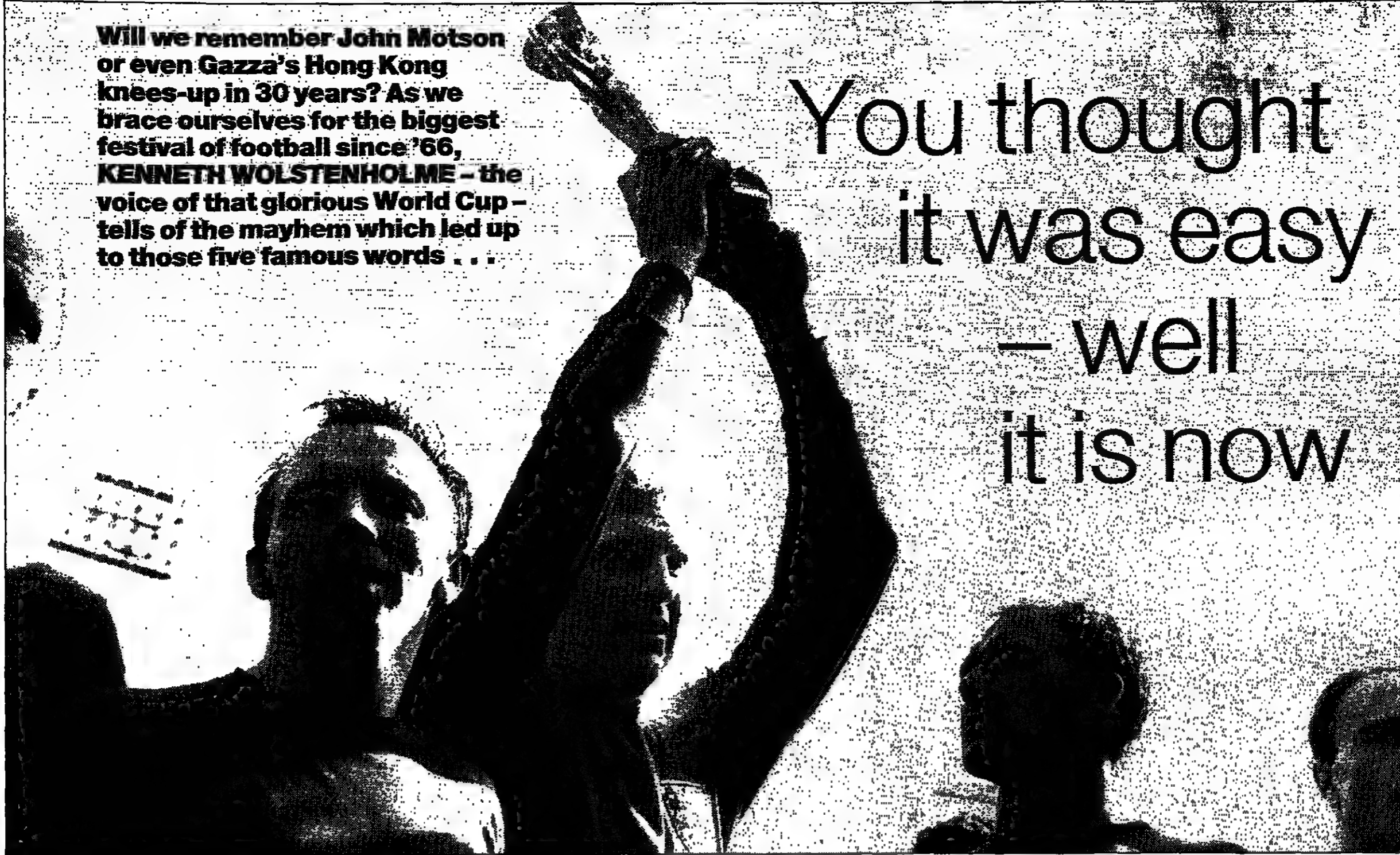
civilian population described in April by the Spanish observer Captain Javier Laguna. In his book *Diplomacy* (Simon & Schuster, 1994), Henry Kissinger wrote of 19th century Czarist expansionism: "Russia had elaborated methods of conquest which would become stereotyped. The victim was always so far from the centre of world affairs that few westerners had any precise idea of what was taking place. They could thus fall back on their preconceptions that the czar was in fact benevolent and his subordinates were belligerent, turning distance and confusion into tools of Russian diplomacy. Of the European powers, only Great Britain concerned itself." Not any more it doesn't.

THE EMERGING British "Ivy League" may offend some academics, but in an age when the local driving school is now a university we clearly need our institutions to be ranked in some way. To take one example: London's fathers-to-be are currently being offered "holistic massage and relaxation", courtesy of healer Ricardo D'Gama, whose literature lists his credentials. These include "Diploma in Healing", "Dragon School of Healing", "ITTC: Linda Barnes School of Holistic Massage and Reiki I and Reiki II", "Frank Coppieters (USA)", "Centres of excellence every one, we don't doubt, but less reputable academics may be lurking in the shadows. By the way, Smallweed's own holistic approach to impending fatherhood (full course available for a round ton) has centred on the healing, calming, mind-body reunifying influence of Stone's Best Bitter.

J.P. 150

Will we remember John Motson or even Gazza's Hong Kong knees-up in 30 years? As we brace ourselves for the biggest festival of football since '66, KENNETH WOLSTENHOLME - the voice of that glorious World Cup - tells of the mayhem which led up to those five famous words . . .

You thought it was easy - well it is now



The class of '66... Bobby Moore and his immortals and below, Wolstenholme in training

PHOTOGRAPHS: ABOVE NEIL LIBBERT, BELOW HALTON DELTICH

WE TAKE so much for granted these days, but 30 years ago the problems with television sport were enormous. Luxuries like slow motion were in their infancy. In fact, there was only one machine in the country and it was used at the 1966 World Cup - the first time slow motion had been used in the coverage of a sporting event.

Zoom lenses didn't come on line until 1965 and the BBC grabbed all the country possessed. There were only 35 tape machines in England. The BBC needed 36 of them. That seems laughable now, in an age when television has so much equipment at its disposal it can film a goalkeeper's heart racing just before he faced a penalty kick.

One bitter disappointment when we knew that the eyes of the world would be on us was that the government was not prepared to allow television to transmit the World Cup in colour. Black and white pictures were well and good - in fact they were the only sort of pictures the average viewer had seen.

The government was told that as long as two years' notice was given, colour transmission was possible, which would obviously greatly enhance the coverage.

The television set manufacturers, however, lobbied hard, claiming they were not geared up to producing 625 lines sets essential for colour transmission until a year after the World Cup. That

argument won the day, though the more cynical among us would claim the manufacturers were only trying to buy time to allow them to clear their stocks of the old 405-line sets before introducing the modern variety. So it was left to Mexico, in 1970, to claim the technical achievement which could have been Britain's four years earlier but for the lack of foresight by our politicians.

One thing television could not abide in 1966 was the commercialisation of sport. No way would the BBC allow any perimeter advertising. The only advert allowed was one on top of the scoreboard - it was for the Radio Times and had been there for years.

As the World Cup final day approached, thoughts turned to the organisation of the pre-match ceremonies. The plan was that the massed bands of the Brigade of Guards, all 200 of them, would appear in the centre of the pitch. Bands almost did not appear at all, following an earlier dispute.

A couple of weeks before the final, the Musicians' Union pointed out to television officials that each bandstand would be entitled to a fee of £10 an appearance, plus another £10 if the transmission went overseas. Service handmen are entitled to be paid a fee for all engagements which are not state occasions and events at Wembley Stadium were not regarded as such.

That was a body blow because it meant an unexpected additional expenditure of £4,000 for the final alone -

the equivalent of £70,000 today. That sort of money did not exist in anyone's budget.

The idea of a World Cup in the presence of the Queen without the massed bands was acceptable to no one. So the problem was taken straight to the commander-in-chief of the brigade, who listened carefully and then personally signed the order that the bands would play at Wembley on her orders. It so happens that that person is Her Majesty the Queen. Problem solved.

The Football Association called a full dress rehearsal of the opening ceremony for July 8. It was so important someone was engaged to stand in for the Queen. She stood on a podium placed on the track alongside the pitch, just as Her Majesty would the following Monday.

Now, the Football Association might well be among the oldest and most influential associations in the game, and fine administrators of the sport they may or may not be depending on your point of view. But producers of extravaganzas they certainly were not.

The whole thing was a shambles. The Brigade of Guards, accustomed as they were to excellence, were aghast. BBC and ITV producers were looking for an escape route. George Stanton of Wembley Stadium was trying to work out how to get sick on the big day. The second run-through, after a tea break, was an even bigger shambles. It was decided something



had to be done. England's biggest ever sporting event could not be allowed to begin with something right out of Fawley Towers. It just couldn't happen.

It was agreed Stanton would approach the FA immediately and ask whether

anything, all that could be done was to smarten everything and everyone up. First of all, the band was stood down with the exception of the big bass player. Then on to the scene walked a giant of a sergeant-major, whose voice must have resembled claps of thunder for miles around. His look changed the youngsters as if they were new recruits and worked on them until some of them fell fit to drop.

Some were near to tears. They found what blistered feet and aching backs felt like. They rehearsed time after time until they had it 100 per cent right.

What had been a stroll became a saunter, then a walk... then a march. In the end they had got it. A shambles had been turned into a parade.

Saturday, 30 July, 1966, is a date lodged in my memory for ever. People often ask me what World Cup final day. I can only answer that it was just like a carnival. Ninety-three thousand people turned up.

In the words of the England defender, Ray Wilson: "The Germans played well in the first half but we steamrollered them in the second." Steamroller them England certainly did. Alan Ball was an example of perpetual motion, Bobby Moore was majestic and Bobby Charlton won his battle with Franz Beckenbauer hands down.

All were good, but for all the superiority, it was still level at one piece until 12 minutes before the end. England won a corner, the tireless Alan Ball took it, it was cleared, but

only towards Geoff Hurst who shot first time. Schulz tried to hoof it clear, but the ball soared into the air and as it came down Martin Peters was there to whack it into the net.

Wembley exploded. England were in the lead. The England fans' singing of *When the Reds Go Marching* in grew louder and louder.

There was little time left when the Germans launched their death or glory attack. Emmerich hit the ball hard from a free-kick into the goal mouth where the ball bobbed around for a second or two before Wolfgang Weber forced it over the line. Not, say the English players, before Haller handled it. Whether he had or not doesn't matter - the referee allowed the goal and West Germany were level.

There were a number of English people not best pleased with that goal. Over the years though I have come to thank the referee for giving the decisions he did, and Wolfgang Weber for scoring that second goal.

Just think - if Weber hadn't equalised in the 90th minute, England would have won 2-1, there would have been no Geoff Hurst hat-trick, no people on the pitch... and nobody remembering Kenneth Wolstenholme.

Five years ago a charity held a dinner at Wembley to celebrate the silver jubilee of the World Cup win and I told the story of that goal. "My great ambition," I said, "is to meet Wolfgang Weber and thank him." Just then Franz Beckenbauer, who was at the dinner, called out. "He's just walked in."

And there was Weber, having motored all the way

from Cologne to join in the celebrations.

England went into the second period of extra-time leading 3-2. Agonisingly slowly, time ticked away. Seconds felt like minutes, minutes hours. Right at the death, Bobby Moore won possession deep in England's defensive area.

Jack Charlton screamed at him to boot it high into the stand, which is what 99 out of 100 players would have done. But Bobby was the hundredth. He looked up and saw Geoff Hurst ahead of him.

At that moment, the referee put the whistle in his mouth. I remember thinking, this is it. England have won. It was then that I noticed Moore had chested the ball down in our penalty area and released that perfect pass to Hurst, and that one or two people had climbed over the low wall and were beginning to run on the pitch.

"They think it's all over," came out.

And as Geoff Hurst shot, what else would do but "It is now?"

"Some people are on the pitch. They think it's all over. It is now" - 14 words which have stuck to me ever since. Fourteen words that are my pension because they have been used so many times by so many people.

Yet, quite honestly, I cannot remember ever saying them.

They think it's all over. At that moment, the referee put the whistle in his mouth. I remember thinking, this is it. England have won. It was then that I noticed Moore had chested the ball down in our penalty area and released that perfect pass to Hurst, and that one or two people had climbed over the low wall and were beginning to run on the pitch.

© Kenneth Wolstenholme

Moving the goalposts for the idiot genius



Martin Kettle

HUMAN societies were organised on the consistent moral and civic principles which politicians and pundits love to proclaim then there is no doubt whatever that Paul Gascoigne should have been sent packing from the England football squad in disgrace and that he would probably still be helping the police with their inquiries into his alleged behaviour on that mid-week Cathay Pacific 747 trip back from Hong Kong.

But because of what is at stake, no such thing has happened. Because he is Gascoigne, England's best footballer and the man without whom England can have no lingering hope of success at the Euro 96 championships starting a week today, he remains unpunished. Without Gascoigne, the crowds who have managed to get untainted tickets to the England games might diminish still further. Without him, television audi-

ences would droop too, and the advertisers for whose benefit most modern sport is conducted would want to know the reason why. As a result, amid much shuffling of official feet and resolute looking in the other direction, the wayward Gasza lives to droppick another day.

There is no real secret about this. Everybody realises that a blind eye is being turned. Everybody knows exactly why. Morally, no one really finds it easy to defend. And yet it is practically certain that a very high proportion of the male English are secretly relieved that the authorities have behaved so shamelessly. People may say that they want to see universal justice done, but not that much, at least not in this case.

This is the reason why this otherwise fairly trivial episode of men behaving badly is full of wider lessons about Britain today. But, as ever, those lessons are subtly infected by time, place and nationality. If it had not been the eve of the championships, the response might easily have been more severe. Ditto, paradoxically, if the championships had been taking place somewhere other than England. And had it not been Gazza, England's indispensable idiot genius, but a more marginal player who orchestrated £5,000 worth of damage then they would not have

got away with it, even now. There is also something particularly blatant about this hypocricy.

By coincidence, Ireland banned their own captain this week for misbehaviour (though admittedly Ireland are not playing in the championships). Nevertheless it is hard not to sense that if Scotland's best player, Gary McAllister, had been involved in something like this (perhaps the unthinkable thought) the official instinct to brush everything under the carpet would probably have been overcome. And if Eric Cantona had droppicked a television the way he once droppicked a fan, the wheels of justice would certainly have been set in motion once more.

All of which goes to remind us that in the multi-million pound industry that British sport has now become, there is fine and highly movable line between the acceptable and the unacceptable. Particularly in their English versions, the rules offer an unreliable guide to the instinctively opportunist workings of the official sporting mind. In no way does football have the elastic field to itself. But if Britannia could waive the rules to get Zola Budd into the Olympics, it isn't going to get a little matter like a wrecked aircraft get in the way.

The larger point is just that

Gascoigne's case makes a complete mockery of both public standards of behaviour and the general credibility of rules. It wasn't the footballer's fault that what his agent ludicrously described as mild high jinks coincided with the announcement that Michael Howard was about to turn his attention to rooting out the yob culture from our streets. But the blind eye that is turned to Gascoigne destroys any official credibility which such a policy might

Everybody realises that a blind eye is being turned. Everybody knows exactly why

have - even in the contemptible Howard's hands.

I am not convinced, as I argued here last week, that bad behaviour is necessarily either worse or more widespread now than in the past. But it is pretty indisputable that there is a genuine problem of public male boorishness, very often connected with alcohol, about which even Mr Howard is entitled to be worried.

Exaggerated it may be, but it exists, and it frightens and dis-

turbs many people who are entitled to be protected from it. A society is right to encourage good behaviour and to discourage bad. So to reward the manifestly appalling behaviour of a man who, while not exactly a role-model, is nevertheless a person with public responsibilities, is to send exactly the wrong message at exactly the wrong time.

There is a case for saying that that is the lesson which preachers and moral regulators simply have to learn. They need to be more humble, recognising that there is a limit to what governments, bishops, kings and judges can enforce. Public figures may constantly feel impelled to be moral legislators, but they need to know that, for a thousand reasons, they may as well try to catch the wind or command the tides. The world is too complex to jump to the tune of the Home Secretary or even a Guardian editorial. Even so, wrecking part of an aircraft oversteps the acceptable mark. Even in a humble and relativist moral universe, this is clearly bad behaviour. The readiness with which the English football authorities have, in effect, condoned it diminishes still further the low esteem in which they are widely held.

The English like to think of themselves as incorruptible. Our politicians speak constantly of the rule of law. When

we compare ourselves with other nations, our obedience to rules is a source of national self-esteem. We are the ones, we are always telling those Europeans, who actually obey the rules, even if, as in the fishing disputes, it is to our own disadvantage to do so.

But the Gascoigne episode mocks that smug claim. It shows that it is only true up to a point and perhaps not even true at all. Perhaps this falling would be less resonant if football in particular, and sport in general, was not encouraged to embody so much of our collective self-image. Yet in the fractured international psychodrama which tabloid journalism and post-imperial tristesse have combined to create for us, the distinctions between sport and politics became blurred long ago.

Through this distorting lens, Euro '96 is the extension of the best war by other means and an England victory, especially over Germany, would be widely treated as a collective reaffirmation of the proper order of things. I'd like to pretend it's only a game. Yet if it is not, then we had better look ourselves in the mirror and recognise what the rest of the world must sometimes see: an ignorant, aggressive nation of hoodlums, ruled by hypocrites. It's almost enough to make me support Scotland instead. But not quite.

Desk rage, or what the office lads do because they don't think it's good to talk

SIMON the sales director didn't know what he was doing. "He just flew at me, grabbed me, found the neck and tried to throttle me. It took five people to restrain him." Simon was a victim of desk rage, set upon at work by his boss.

Increasingly the pressures of working life are giving rise to spasms in the office. Employees are seething. The City is littered with lost rage. Marcus, a broker, based his dealing strategy on Madrid reducing interest rates. When they didn't, he grabbed the phone and hurried it through his computer screen, disabling the system. "It was an impulse. I nearly lost me my job."

Analytical psychologist Professor Andrew Samuels claims desk rage is the result of new economic and social pressures. "Men find themselves in an unbearably competitive environment at work. Downgrading and lack of job security play their part, but the key factor is the modern fallacy that men are victims. The idea that ladishness is an acceptable reaction to perceived victimisation has snipped the moral shackles and men feel justified in lashing out."

Paul, a sales officer, thinks minor irritations are more common causes of tension. "It's usually the small

things that wind you up. I once worked with a woman who used to eat all day. It ate away at me and soured our relationship." Andrew Marshall, president of the British Men's Counselling Association, concurs. "Conflicts are often caused by the build up of little problems."

But why is it only men that explode? According to Marshall, women express their anger far more subtly. "Women combat an enemy at work with rumour and by talking behind their back. This acts as an immediate outlet for their frustration." But men are notoriously bad at talking about their problems. "They feel pressure to be strong cogs. They think admitting someone is aggravating them will be seen as a weakness. So the anger builds, and eventually they explode."

But with the trend for constant assessment and short-term contracts likely to continue, the working environment is going to get less secure. So what can be done given that traditional male techniques of stress relief - drinking heavily, kicking the dog - aren't working? Marshall says it's good to talk. "You must deal with the issues before they get out of hand."

Paul Kelso

سكنا من الاصل

Hungry and in Vogue

IT'S about time the editor of Vogue dropped her defensive denials. Anorexia models cost Vogue ads, May 21, and started acknowledging the complex cultural pressures which encourage hundreds of thousands of women to subject themselves to voluntary starvation.

Of course Trish Goff, Kate Moss et al do not "cause" eating disorders, any more than Marilyn Monroe forced black women to bleach their skin. But Alexandra Shulman is clever enough to know that anorexia is a response to, and an attempt to negotiate, the difficult and often contradictory demands her readers face in pursuing success both as workers and as women. Ambitious young women know that they must work like carthorses and look like whippets, that they must combine narcissism with self-denial, and sexual appetite with physical hunger.

Women's magazines are their pornography and their manual in that quest. I am no longer anorexic, but I am still fascinated and repelled by the fantasy ideal of femininity represented by Vogue, and by its smug lie that women can achieve that fantasy without sacrificing their health and happiness, or do any of the things that "normal" women do. No, we are lazy, stupid and greedy and simply sit, feeling depressed in dark corners, watching TV and eating cream cakes. (We don't get advertisements from Mr Kipling either.) Even some of the specialist clinics of shops for larger women don't take ads with us in the belief that they would only be "preaching to

the converted". As a very small publishing company we are swimming against an enormously strong tide of propaganda which constantly tells women they cannot live their lives until they are thin. Not true: there are 7.5 million women in this country who take size 16 or over. Most of them are happy; many have successful careers. If Mr Rees would like to reach some of them through our advertising pages, we would be very happy to oblige.

Janice Bhead,
Editor, Yes!
90 Banner Street,
London EC1Y 8JU.

WE would like to express our support and congratulations to Giles Rees of Omega Watches. As both patients and staff of an eating-disorders unit we are only too aware of the pressures the fashion industry places upon young women to conform to an unrealistic body image. In recent years, the situation appears to have got worse with more and more malnourished women appearing both on the catwalks and in publications such as Vogue. It is time the purveyors of these images took their effects seriously. They have not, so far, been persuaded to do so by sufferers and clinicians. Perhaps the threat of lost revenue will go some way to providing young people with positive, healthy and realistic images of the female form.

Sophie Pitts,
Sally Williams,
Sally Utting,
Robert Munro,
Marc Neiderman,
Emily Darke,
Caroline Wilde,
Young adult eating-disorders unit,
Huntcombe Manor Hospital,
Taplow, Maidenhead,
Berkshire SL6 0PQ.

HOW refreshing to read that Giles Rees of Omega has withdrawn his advertising campaign from Vogue as a protest against the anorexic models they constantly promote.

As the editor and owner of the only magazine in Europe to take a positive approach to plus sizes, I find it ironic that in the three years of our existence we have never carried an advertisement of any sort other than for fashion specifically aimed at larger women.

Advertisers don't appear to believe that bigger women drive cars, wear make-up and watches, use banks or do any of the things that "normal" women do. No, we are lazy, stupid and greedy and simply sit, feeling depressed in dark corners, watching TV and eating cream cakes. (We don't get advertisements from Mr Kipling either.) Even some of the specialist clinics of shops for larger women don't take ads with us in the belief that they would only be "preaching to

I suffered from anorexia and later bulimia for several years from adolescence into my twenties. The view of the Vogue editor, Alexandra Shulman, that the "loss of self-worth" lying at the root of anorexia is not due to magazines, is undoubtedly correct. But the crime of magazines such as Vogue pertains more to a set of commercial values inherent in society which they willingly perpetuate.

Joanna Goodrick,
47 Great King Street,
Edinburgh.

The purity of beef is no small beer

DESPITE your article (Older meat back on market, May 28), no meat from cattle over 30 months old has been permitted to enter the human food chain since March 28. Cull animals are slaughtered separately from young animals destined for the food chain: strict supervision ensures that the carcasses are stained and despatched in sealed containers to be incinerated. Any breach of these controls is a criminal offence.

When these new controls were introduced, some retailers and manufacturers specified that all their supplies should be guaranteed as coming from animals less than 30 months old. Where the meat was produced before March 28, it was not always possible to give such a guarantee. The blockage of unsaleable stocks was causing severe difficulties at slaughterhouses and cutlers in the north of England.

NOTE that the Government now says it is regretting having to stall EU aid programmes to the starving so that we may be free to sell our beef to the wealthy. The poor must always, it seems, pay the price. Now our EU partners have sent in an investigating team which is due to report back to Brussels this week on the Government's progress in improving health standards in our beef trade. I suspect it will report: "Could do better."

Minister of Agriculture,
Fisheries and Food,
Whitehall Place,
London SW1A 2HH.

SHOULD like to put forward an anglophone German's view of how the European beef war is perceived in Germany.

The quality of British beef is like the Reinheitsgebot (Commandment of Purity) of German beer: a myth you cannot touch unpunished. Your government's prime concern is not to make beef safe but to make people believe it is. If they don't comply, they must be forced to eat it anyway.

Tory governments have long proved a nuisance to European unification. So there may be an appetite for retaliation. John Major is in a desperate position, and so he needs an external enemy. He has sent the Falklands fleet to Brussels. I am supposed to pay subsidies to Britain for a disaster that the British government could have avoided. I want my money back.

(Paul) Dr Wolfgang Faigle,
D-72108 Rottenburg, Den
Stieglerweg 4, Germany.

ALONGSIDE your article on ailing for Ustians, Downstairs, May 29, I am quoted as saying "I soaked Pauline Collins's clothes in kerosene." The last thing I should have wished was to set fire to Pauline Collins, for whom I have both admiration



Juggling with ethics in the lab

LEWIS Wolpert's claim (Letters, May 31) that "scientists cannot be responsible for how science is used" is wrong and dangerous. Would this apply to a scientist developing a new, lethal virus for an aggressive government? Even the sciences of "understanding how the world works" is not value-free, as the climate-change debate shows.

The strength of science should not lie in the absence of values, but in a methodology adopted that clearly states all the assumptions and value-judgments made in reaching a conclusion. Scientists are people living in a political society and yet it is too often assumed that they can shed their political opinions as they enter a laboratory.

Philippe Fernstadt,
School of Environmental Sciences,
University of East Anglia,
Norwich NR4 7TJ.

THE decision to put resources into studying chemical A rather than chemical B is a value-laden, even political, decision. It depends on who wants to do what with the results, and in whose interests. Are decisions to study the association between social inequalities and people's health rather than the genetics of IQ value-free? Knowledge does not just "appear". It is socially created by scientists, although communicated and applied by others. Everyone, including scientists, should be involved in and feel responsibility for both the

science that is carried out and how it is applied.

(Dr) Susan Michie,
Research Fellow in Health Psychology,
Medical School Old Building,
UMDS, Guy's Campus,
London SE1 9TR.

DOES Wolpert seriously believe that the scientist is beyond good and evil? To claim that scientific knowledge is value-free is as ridiculous as claiming that all men and women are born equal. Does he really think that scientists are some super-human breed who can cut themselves off from the cultural, social and political contexts of their work? After all, where does the money come from to support their work? Were Nazi Germany's rocket scientists innocent of the use to which their work would be put? Were second-world-war American nuclear scientists innocent of the horrific consequences of their discoveries? Of course not. Knowledge does not exist in a vacuum. It has to be mediated, and that brings with it ethical and moral consequences and responsibilities.

To deny these responsibilities is to lower the scientist to the base level of arms manufacturers who claim they are not responsible for the ways in which their products are used.

(Dr) Jonathan Cross,
University of Bristol,
Victoria Rooms,
Bristol BS8 1SA.

When a lovely place to travel can be a lonely place to live

I CAN'T let Catherine Bennett's highly selective quotations from the Lonely Planet guidebook to Burma go unchallenged (Why the right people stay at home, May 28). Simply because we publish a book about a place does not mean we approve of its human-rights record, think its government is wonderful, agree with its economic policies or even want people to visit the country. The very first chapter of our Burma guide concludes with a section headed Should You Visit Myanmar?, which starts with the statement that SLORC "is abominable" and concludes with the concern that visiting Burma may "allow Myanmar's repressive, inept government to stay in power that little bit longer".

Nevertheless, it is not our job to publish guidebooks to places which Catherine Bennett thinks are acceptable to visit. Where does she draw the line? Should we withdraw our France guidebook because the French like to test their nuclear weapons in other people's backyards? Or our Australian guidebook because they've been slow to reform their gun-control laws? Tony Wheeler, Publisher, Lonely Planet France, 71 bis rue du Cardinal Lemoine, 75006 Paris, France.

WE WERE delighted to see Catherine Bennett's commentary concerning the ethics of travel to Burma. Burma is an example of human-rights abuses being directly caused by tourism development.

Tourism is now increasingly associated with environmental and social destruction. As has happened on a vast scale in Burma, people are forced off their land in order to free-up land for development. Local communities suffer from shortages of water because of the vast quantities siphoned off by hotels.

The tourism industry has been reluctant to voice any concerns about human-rights abuses connected to tourism. Human suffering is, it seems, considered too controversial.

We are delighted however that four British tour operators have made the decision not to operate in Burma for ethical reasons, and that eight others, although still operating there, have sent a statement to the Minister for Hotels and Tourism in Rangoon, stating their deep concerns. The tourism industry and travelling public, foreign governments and the media must make it clear that such atrocities are not acceptable.

Patricia Barnett,
Director, Tourism Concern,
Southlands College,
Wimbledon Parkside,
London SW19 6NN.

ONE of the fascinations of foreign travel, unless you pack your ideology with you when you go, is that you can never be sure what to expect when you arrive: that the countries with the most horrible governments seem to have the sweetest people. This was true in Burma when I visited last year.

True travel is not about a "right to burn under alien skies"; indeed, the conventional tourist who wants a trouble-free fortnight in the sun would not dream of going to these controversial places.

Also, what exactly are "human-rights-abuse cases"? I'm not talking about the extreme cases as in Bosnia but

Alleviated by Latin and soap

WHEN I was being bullied (Letters, May 24, 30), I did a deal with two of the bigger boys who were not bullies: they would act as my bodyguard, and in return I would do their Latin homework. The arrangement lasted only a few weeks; the bullies decided I was no fun any more, and even joined the queue of applicants for the post of bodyguard.

J R Manning,
63 St Crispian,
Seaford, Sussex BN25 2DY.

Park the car and head for the bus

SIR George Young is right (Letters, May 31) to be encouraging people to use public transport, but copping train fares, whilst including buses and coaches in a blanket 5-per-cent above-inflation rise in fuel duties, will not help.

The extra fuel tax has already cost over £100 million since the policy was introduced in 1993 — enough to buy 1,000 new buses. Higher fares, rather than helping improve bus services, put passengers off. How else can companies recover the cost?

So please, Sir George, when you say "public transport", don't forget that the bus is the only form of public transport in most towns and villages. Britain has 2,500 railway stations, but a quarter of a million bus stops. When commuters leave the family saloon at home, the alternative is more likely to be a 30-seater midibus or a high-capacity double-decker than a Super Sprinter or a high-speed train.

(Dr) Martin Higginson,
Economic Adviser,
Confederation of Passenger Transport UK,
33 Lincoln's Inn Fields,
London WC2A 3LZ.

FOLLOWING road rage, we were hit by a car with a floppy disc when one student felt aggrieved that another had reserved a PC during a coffee break.

Sheila Jackson,
(Costume designer,
Upstairs, Downstairs.)
17 Oval Road,
London NW1 7EA.

ALLERGIC to food and chemical allergies with fears about contemporary society (Sickness of the century, May 28) makes me angry. Eleven years ago our son died as a result of psychiatrists' refusal to believe that his mental symptoms always followed certain foods and most psychiatric drugs. Growing numbers of hospitals now test and treat allergies and nutritional deficiencies. Schizophrenic and hyperactive children are among those who may respond dramatically to such treatment, but we have yet to hear of a psychiatrist who would not choose to give drugs, however harmful their side-effects.

Elizabeth Girling,
Chairperson, Lethal Allergy Support Group,
33 Drummond Place,
Edinburgh EH3 6PW.

Allergy danger

SIMON Wessely's identification of food and chemical allergies with fears about contemporary society (Sickness of the century, May 28) makes me angry. Eleven years ago our son died as a result of psychiatrists' refusal to believe that his mental symptoms always followed certain foods and most psychiatric drugs. Growing numbers of hospitals now test and treat allergies and nutritional deficiencies. Schizophrenic and hyperactive children are among those who may respond dramatically to such treatment, but we have yet to hear of a psychiatrist who would not choose to give drugs, however harmful their side-effects.

Elizabeth Girling,
Chairperson, Lethal Allergy Support Group,
33 Drummond Place,
Edinburgh EH3 6PW.

The dangers of snapshot justice

THE release to the press of photographs of individuals at a football match, who may be wanted for police questioning, highlights the concerns about the unregulated use of closed circuit TV footage. Once those pictures are in the public domain those individuals face a risk of association with criminal activity which may have had nothing to do with them.

Whilst there is reasonable suspicion that most or all of those pictured have been party to an offence, a balance needs to be struck between ensuring that suspects are brought to justice and that the individual is protected. Only the courts are experienced in ensuring any invasion into an individual's privacy can be justified.

Jonathan Cooper,
Director of law and policy,
Liberty,
21 Tabard Street,
London SE1 4LA.

A Country Diary

MACHYNLETH: Remember the Puffin Picture Books? Admit it and you will be giving away your age because their time on earth was mainly in the 1940s and 1950s. They were inexpensive little paperbacks, some of them masterpieces of clear writing and beautiful illustration, covering all manner of subjects suitable for children, and were great educators. Some were devoted to wildlife and were of enormous help to budding naturalists. Over the years all these booklets have become rare and treasured, but were there really 120 of them, as the publishers' list claimed? The answer is no, because number 116 failed to appear owing to the sudden death of its author, Paxton Chadwick. The whole series faded away a few years later. Recently, however, a file at Penguin Books came to light which contained the text of number 116. When the author's widow, Lee Chadwick, was contacted, it turned out that she still possessed Paxton's original plates. The result is that

number 116 has been published at last, nearly 40 years late. Called "Life Histories", it very lucidly describes their time on earth was mainly in the 1940s and 1950s. They were inexpensive little paperbacks, some of them masterpieces of clear writing and beautiful illustration, covering all manner of subjects suitable for children, and were great educators. Some were devoted to wildlife and were of enormous help to budding naturalists. Over the years all these booklets have become rare and treasured, but were there really 120 of them, as the publishers' list claimed? The answer is no, because number 116 failed to appear owing to the sudden death of its author, Paxton Chadwick. The whole series faded away a few years later. Recently, however, a file at Penguin Books came to light which contained the text of number 116. When the author's widow, Lee Chadwick, was contacted, it turned out that she still possessed Paxton's original plates. The result is that

WILLIAM CONDRY

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Constable who made a fair cop

When Robert Reeve became Robyn, everybody backed her decision to change sex — her wife, her daughters, her therapist and even her police force



The Joanna Coles Interview

IT WAS a gift of a story. "A police officer who was transferred from his rural beat after making only one arrest during the year has started to dress as a woman." "ACDC Pe" yelled the accompanying Telegraph headline. "Pe ACDC" shrieked the Sun in reverse. "A woman trapped for 26 years in the body of a boy in blue" shrieked the Daily Mail. "And did you see this one, about me losing my truncheon," asks Robyn Reeve, laughing bravely and pulling out press cuttings from her briefcase as the Earl's Court traffic thunders past.

We have arranged to meet outside the London Institute for Human Sexuality. Me, Robyn, her wife Jeanette, and Fran Springfield, "a clinical nurse specialist in gender identity", who arrives breathless. We follow her down the steps of the red-brick mansion block, through a beige reception area and on to a smart consulting room. "Thank you for coming all the way from Kent," I say brightly. "I hope the journey wasn't too much of a drag."

The word seems to bounce off the sofa and echo. Drag, drag, drag... "Are you trying to be funny?" laughs Robyn, smoothing her skirt with immaculate holly berry nails. She doesn't really look as if she used to be a man.

I have spoken to Fran, the counsellor, in advance, who tells me that I should refer to Robyn as female throughout our conversation. Until we meet, I am slightly worried I might slip up, but it soon becomes clear that this is the natural response. Contrary to the report in the Mail, Robyn is not "heavily rouged", neither "does the feminine illusion at his waistline, which is a hefty size 10". She is undergoing electrolysis to remove the beardline and if we were to meet in a supermarket queue, I probably wouldn't notice anything untoward.

"Was a woman in a man's body. This time next year she will be a woman in a woman's body. You can't make a male brain to fit a male body, but we can make the body match the brain," says Fran cheerfully. To which Reeve can say

crossly, referring to the Mail's suggestion that she had swapped her police officer's uniform for "a lacy bra". "My bra is white nylon, Marks & Spencer." She pats her chest. "I can remember getting tender on the breasts, I can remember them filling out. I was extremely chuffed when my boobs started growing." "You were very proud," giggles Jeanette, her wife, shaking an attractive wedge of chestnut hair. "I was extremely proud," replies Robyn. Jeanette is also upset by the tabloid coverage, particularly at the suggestion that their two daughters have been anything other than supportive of their father. Which is why she wants to redress the balance and hopes to offer help to anyone else in her position. Yes, of course, it was difficult to understand at first, and they all had a grizzle. But she has never had any doubt they would come through this as a family. "Jane rings up from university and always asks how's Robyn getting on?" "She sent me a scarf the other day," Robyn puts in. "Now that's one thing I wanted to ask you, Fran. If the girls have friends home, how do you think they should introduce me? We had thought that they could say: 'This is my mum and this is her partner Robyn, who's my guardian'."

"There are several ways," says Fran, matter-of-factly. "You could say this is my other parent. Or I've been with people and they've said 'This is Helen, my dad.' Now," she says, "I'm not a lesbian, but I shall use some terms straight. Transsexuality is not a disease, it's a medical condition and it's caused in the womb, somewhere between six and nine weeks after conception. The body becomes male, but the brain stays female."

Which is exactly what happened to Robert Reeve. It took him 47 years to find out. Aged 20 and anxious to suppress confusing and difficult feelings, he signed up for the Merchant Navy. "Oh yes," says Fran, knowingly. "Find any Merchant Navy ship and you'll find transsexuals and homosexuals!" Once aboard, Robert met both, but knew he was neither. The question was — what exactly was he?

It was a woman in a man's body. This time next year she will be a woman in a woman's body. "You can't make a male brain to fit a male body, but we can make the body match the brain," says Fran cheerfully. To which Reeve can say



Robyn Reeve and gender specialist Fran Springfield: "You can't make a male brain to fit a male body, but we can make the body match the brain"

PHOTOGRAPH: MARTIN ANGLER

only "Thank God!" Her secret life is out in the open and you can smell her relief. A life spent deceiving colleagues in the Kent police about the nature of her sexuality has come to an end. Shortly, she will have her testes removed and her penis and scrotum skin reversed to create a vagina. Labia will also be fashioned, together with a clitoris capable of achieving orgasm.

"We call it reflash and are republished," says Fran, briskly. "Oh, you've got to laugh. Sirups Jeanette infectiously thumping the sofa.

"You can't tell the difference," Fran continues reassuringly. "I haven't got them with me but I could have shown you some photographs."

The name — Jeanette suggested Robyn because it was similar to Robert — has been changed by deed poll. On April 25, Robert disappeared and Robyn arrived for good. The guidelines for doctors treating transsexuals state that a client must spend at least one year in their new identity to ensure

they can cope with such a dramatic change.

"At least I'll get special treatment from the AA now," says Robyn.

Looking back of course, there were signs. The little red handbag which Robert, then aged three, insisted on carrying with him wherever he went. The time at the holiday camp when, aged 10, the other boys gave him a nickname — Henrietta. The times he tried on his mother's dresses and later, when he bought his own, which he kept in the attic and slipped on whenever the house was empty. Signs which now make it all seem obvious. Did Jeanette, a sales assistant, ever suspect her husband wanted to be a woman?

"Once she came home and said 'I didn't have time to get changed completely so I sat there with my dressing gown

on." "Was wearing clothes the only aspect of being a woman he liked?" "Oh no. I liked housework."

"Yes, and he'd do the shopping," interrupts Jeanette, who refers to Robyn in the past tense as "he". "And he was happy to cook."

"Yes, you couldn't cook a

boiled egg when we first married," retorts Robyn. "She'd come home and I'd have done roast beef, roast potatoes and all the trimmings."

"Everyone would say how lucky I was," says Jeanette quietly.

But gradually Robyn's desire to become a woman was too big to be contained within the family. "I used to get these tremendous urges. Sometimes they'd go down, or I'd suppress

them for a year or so, but as I got older it became clearer that I wanted to be a woman." Full time. Inside the home, but more importantly outside, in shopping centres, pubs, clubs and parks. She was fed up with spending the evening worrying that someone might pop in and find out that their local bobby was wearing a skirt and blouse. Colleagues started to notice her pierced ears and manicured nails. Jeanette was increasingly uneasy and Robert's work was suffering.

"I felt terrible, so depressed and miserable. One day I got a shocking migraine and couldn't face work." So she went to the GP expecting to be told to come back in a few weeks if she was still unhappy.

Instead, the GP confirmed Robyn's suspicions that she might be a transsexual and

referred her to Fran. Meanwhile, he told her to take two weeks off. A police welfare officer came round to see what was going on. "He said: 'It's stress, you're just depressed.' I said: 'Have you heard of transsexuality?' He said: 'Ah!'"

According to Robyn, the force was totally supportive and she is now retired on the grounds of ill-health. Not, she points out, because she is a transsexual, but because the stresses and side-effects of the condition would make it difficult to do the job. An expert in arms and "a crack shot at 800 metres" she has handed back her keys to the armoury, though she is still a member of the local gun club.

She has also joined a club for railway enthusiasts. Hearing Robyn had retired, a friend called to see if she wanted to join him on a railway project. "I said: 'Well you have to understand there's been a bit of a change. I'll come down, but as a woman and let's see how we get on.' He said: 'I don't think that's going

I used to suppress these tremendous urges, but as I got older it became clearer that I wanted to be a woman'

Discreet charm of the lords

Despite this week's sale of manorial titles, JOHN CUNNINGHAM believes the aristocracy still has a future

THE aristocracy has long been chiselling away at its collective memorial, and two events this week have added evidence of its diminishing social force. With her divorce, the Duchess of York, a cast-off from the House of Windsor, has been listed on the ranks of the aristos — she was a mere member of the gentry before her marriage.

And that seriously decadent peer, the Marquess of Bristol, was reduced to auctioning a handful of titles to the lordships of manors. "If you are the Marquess of Bristol," the sale publicist said, "you don't need superfluous titles as well." "Maybe not, but there is no doubt that the £50,000 raised — pit-money compared with the £7 million Bristol is reputed to have squandered in a druggy decade — is needed to help finance his retreat from Britain. His presence on the map of Suffolk has shrunk: only 100 acres of the 4,000-acre family estate remain; he's even quit his quarters in one wing of Ickworth House, now owned by the National Trust, for a modest dwelling in the grounds. But his presence will be seasonal: he is building a beach house in the Bahamas, where the climate will be better for his poor health. He is only 41.

The row in a couple more displaced or disgraced aristos and the picture is tired enough to jade a gossip columnist. Earl Spencer, ninth holder of the title created in 1763, has recently left the family seat and settled in South Africa. A broken marriage, running the family fiefdom in Northants, and the family firm, Alltop, all got too unch-

Then there's Lord Brocklet, now in jail for a \$4.5 million classic car insurance fraud. He may never live in the ancestral home again: against his wishes, Brocklet Hall was put on the market this week, at \$15 million. It will probably be sold before he completes his five years inside.

Add in another titled B — the Marquess of Blandford — heir to the 11th Duke of Marlborough (title created in 1723) who is selling the seat over the last decade has fallen into a cycle of court appearances for drugs, divorce and alimony.

Does nothing change? Are the aristos being hit by the truth of historian David Cannadine's analysis of their decay, which set in during the 1880s, with the erosion of their estates, and which he charts in *The Decline and Fall of the British Aristocracy*?

There are signs that we've had enough of knocking the nobles and very faint suggestions that their social fortunes may be on the upturn. Consider the evidence.

You'd think the campaigning to get a jailed peer out of the nick would be last on everyone's list of lost causes, and there's little about Charles Ronald George Nall-Cain Brocklet's plight — on the face of it — to warrant our sympathy. At some public figure, he comes to his defence. One of them tugged the consciences of Sunday Times readers last week: "Violent criminals get five years and are out in two; rapists ditto, yet in a non-violent and non-victim crime, the book is thrown at a man who has lost everything, including his three children. Surely this is not the middle ages."

All right, it was only the



Reduced circumstances: the Marquess of Bristol

columnist, Taki, better known for petty feuds than major causes, and it takes far more than one headline to turn a trend, but that astute observer of British manners, Harold Brooks-Baker, publishing director of Burke's Peerage, reckons that something is afoot. "The tabloids have pounded away at members of the peerage who are not *persona grata* for so long that the public are tired of it. There is now a sympathy vote which has reversed the trend in favour of the aristocracy."

As for wayward scions, the nobility "seem to have a much lower proportion of naughty children than any other group I've ever heard of," Brooks-Baker also notes that it's been cool to be an aristocrat in the last decade in France, after a period when there was embarrassment about titles. The same is true in Germany. Could it be so here?

Actually, it's happening behind the scenes — or more accurately, in the shires. In fact, the clout of the aristos in some counties has hardly lessened over the decades. We're not talking of the voting peers at Westminster, nor of the lords who've turned their stately homes into IKEAs of the heritage business.

This afternoon, a tiny bit of Wiltshire will come to a standstill for the funeral of an ancient country buffer who com-

manded newspaper obituaries big as gravestones. The pictures in the Times and Daily Telegraph didn't show Lord Margdale in pin-stripe pants, even though he was a Tory MP for yonks and a fabled behind-the-scenes flier. No, there he was in hunting pink — Master of the South and West Wilts foxhounds for 33 years — and binoculars at a point-to-point — he was a first-class shot and polo player.

Wiltshire isn't remembering Margdale as a former MP or even as the last hereditary peer created by Harold Macmillan, but as a pillar of the social order and supporter, with his late wife, of innumerable local causes. He was a bit of a buffoon — his bottom was too big to fit a cinema seat and he sold two hunters through the magazine Horse and Hound because they couldn't take his weight. He wasn't much of a speechifier but he was unstinting, and unresented, for decades of community service. And that's what counts.

Wiltshire Arks the case for the discreet unobtrusiveness of the aristocracy. Maybe it disproves what the Duke of Devonshire, that prime hustler in the heritage stakes at Chatsworth, told Professor Cannadine: "The aristocracy is an anachronism. They have no power and there is not much point in titles without influence."

Maybe. But the Americans, at least, have spotted the aristocracy as an attractive anachronism. Maybe, as farming dwindles and we start to reinvent the countryside, county lords and ladies will come into their own again, dispensing what used to be called "relief" to the poor as the welfare state crumbles. Maybe, even, the New Feudalism is the next social trend. If that is so, at least large parts of the top-end of its social structure are benignly in place across the shires.

Home wasn't built in a day

Labour can't repair the damage overnight, warns DAVID BLUNKETT

THE Labour Policy Forum meeting on the Road to the Manifesto is another milestone on the long road to a general election too long in coming.

A balance between hope and realism is crucial in winning the general election and in ensuring that disillusionment does not set in, in our first term in office. Labour is developing a programme to enable progress to be made over two terms in office, rather than expecting every reform to be in place after five years. This week, when I proposed that pupils should reach their chronological reading age by 11, I made clear that this could take two parliaments.

The failure of some to recognise that change takes time poses one of the greatest threats to maintaining internal morale and to sustaining external support. Keeping care values and displaying a clear sense of purpose are vital. But unless we win the confidence of the majority of the electorate, we will not achieve our objectives. The real danger comes from "moving the goalposts." After 18 years of Tory government, anticipation will be great. But if we promise too much, anything less than revolutionary change will seem like failure.

With a realistic approach, an incoming Labour government could achieve significant economic and social change, in its first term, that would lay the foundation for

more ambitious targets. Yet, if "supportive" cynics raise the stakes retrospectively, democracy and progressive forces are damaged.

Take the minimum wage. There are those who see the actual wage level as a test of political virility. They ignore the potential of an historic goal which can be built on.

We have pledged to cut class sizes for infants to a maximum of 30. The cynics demand to know "why aren't you doing this for every-one?" We have pledged £1 billion to the youth unemployment crisis — offering employment, learning, skilling and the opportunity to volunteer. The cynics ask: "What about those who don't want to take up these options?" We will end the anachronism of hereditary peers voting on the nation's future. The cynics demand "why not abolish the lot of them immediately?"

In the end, it is a matter of trust. After years of opposition, this may seem hard. Yet we have never had a better opportunity to deliver more than we promise.

We must work now to win one parliament — and then work to a second or third. In the Road to the Manifesto we must offer vision and prioritise our policies. We must offer a sense of security so that rapid change and new opportunities benefit the many, not simply the few.

It is time to stop deluding ourselves that success will come without opposition. The New Right waited many decades for their opportunity. We can afford a little patience in achieving for those who rely on Labour's success, what Conservative victories deny them forever.

David Blunkett is the shadow Education spokesman.

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Confessions of a film-maker



The Quebecois still remember the day Alfred Hitchcock came to their town. ROBERT LEPAGE has even made a film about it. Here he explains why

When Alfred Hitchcock came to Quebec in 1952 to shoot *I Confess*, it was a major event. At the time, Quebec was just a small provincial town where nothing ever happened (some would say it still is). The inhabitants were delighted that a real film crew with real film stars was coming to their home town. They came here with 1953 models of cars, dressed in the latest fashions, while the local population was still wearing styles from just after the war (as you can see by looking at the extras). And what made it all the more of an event was the subject matter of the film: a steamy affair that mixed religion, murder and sex. A kind of mythology grew up around the film, its director, actors and the places it was shot. I'd always been told that I was christened in the church that appears in the film, and it was only when I started researching *The Confessional* that I found out it wasn't true. The church of Sainte Marie in *I Confess* is really the church of St Zéphyrin, but people had mixed it up with the church of St Coeur-de-Marie where I was christened. That was when I realised the importance of the Hitchcock myth to the older people in town.

story of a priest torn between the carnal and the spiritual, falsely accused of murder and reduced to silence by the secret vows of the confessional, the action had to take place in a Catholic context. There is no other large North American town where that would have been the case. The film is also extremely suggestive: it has an astonishing erotic tension for the time. It was very daring to show a priest spending the night with a woman in the gazebo on the Ile d'Orleans. And when Montgomery Clift kissed Anne Baxter, cinema audiences froze with horror and excitement. The confrontation between the sacred and the profane wasn't just a minor detail: Hitchcock had a real battle with the religious authorities to get them

demands silence and it is often through the voice, through words, that truth emerges. It is said that Hitchcock set up his shots not by looking at the scene being played, but by listening to the dialogue. He said that the voice alone could tell him whether the performance worked. He contributed to his own myth by often absenting himself from the set. To speak to him you would have to go through an intermediary, like one communicates with God through a priest. If I compare the two worlds of my film, the fifties and the contemporary period, I would say that the first has a Hitchcockian feel to it (certain scenes are directly inspired by his) while the second is much more free in its form. The same contrast operates on the level of moral values: very strict in 1959 and totally shattered in 1989. Hitchcock's work was also the inspiration for the character of the director's assistant, played by Kristin Scott Thomas, who succeeds Grace Kelly and Tippi Hedren as an impeccable, blonde ice-maiden. As for Hitchcock himself, at the same time the most real and the most fictional of the film's characters, the fact that it is him who gives the final admission of guilt, the key to the enigma, makes him the ultimate confessor and gives me some sort of absolution. In fact, it's the eye of the artist (Pierre Lamontagne is a painter) — or, more accurately, the ear of the artist — which takes a family secret, treats it as a work of the imagination and uses it as the inspiration for a work of art. The phrase Hitchcock that used to describe his oeuvre at that time gave me the inspiration for what I'm now humbly trying to achieve: not psychological suspense, but Greek tragedy.



to allow him to film in Quebec. The film was the victim of censorship when it was shown at its premiere at the Théâtre Capitoile — 10 minutes were cut on the director's insistence. This incident that gave me the idea for a scene in *The Confessional*, when Hitchcock and the character Paul-Siméon Lamontagne meet. A people's culture is always intimately wrapped up with their religion. *I Confess* clarified the nature of 1950s Quebecois society for me. The *Confessional* is also based on the secret of the confession box and the aggravated sexual tension that only exists in Catholic societies. In this sense, Hitchcock inspired me and gave me the key to my story. What's more, for me it's no mere chance that the French title of *I Confess* is *La Loi Du Silence* (The Law Of Silence), because the secret of the confession box is a dogma that

The *Confessional* is released on Friday. It will be reviewed by Derek Malcolm on Thursday's Screen pages.



The *Confessional* (above) was inspired by Hitchcock's *I Confess* (above left), shot in Quebec in 1952. 'If all the stories are true,' says Lepage, 'everyone in the town was in that film'

THEATRE

Dames At Sea
Ambassadors, London

DAMES At Sea, staged at the Ambassadors as part of the BOC Covent Garden Festival, is the quintessence of theatrical camp: a nudging, knowing spoof of those thirties Hollywood musicals that invariably starred Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell. A New York cult hit of the late sixties, it revels in its own absurdity but it lacks the key quality that distinguishes the originals: a burnished innocence. The story is easily imagined: an eager young hooper from Utah arrives on Broadway with no more than a pair of tap shoes in her suitcase and winds up a star. What motivates the show, however, is the parodic accuracy of Jim Wise's music and George Haimsohn and Robin

Miller's lyrics. The torch song, the beguine, the deckhands' dance with mops, the umbrella-twirling number, all of them remind you of their prototypes and add a sardonic twist of their own: there is a nice innuendo when the heroine, smitten by a song-writing tar, enquires during the inevitable rain-dance, "Where are the rubbers to thwart the storm?" John Gardyne's production keeps its tongue firmly in its cheek, and the cast of six put it across with great style: in particular Joanne Farrell as the wide-eyed heroine, Kim Criswell as the man-eater she displaces and Sara Crowe as the sidekick who cracks wise in the best Joan Blondell tradition. It is lively, brief and will be lapped up by showbiz aficionados; but I still prefer the authentic naivety of the Hollywood originals it affectionately mocks. □ To June 8

Michael Billington

THEATRE

The Sentence / Beast On The Moon
The Old Red Lion, London / Battersea Arts Centre, London

THE Armenians are the forgotten people of the 20th century. The genocide of almost two million people by the Turks in 1915 has become a mere footnote to history — there were no TV cameras then. But the legacy of 1915 lives on in the memories of the survivors and their descendants. The pain does not go away or even diminish. The need to remember remains urgent, perhaps even more so, as time goes by. In *The Sentence*, set in August 1993, teenager Rosie knows very little of her Armenian background. It takes the release from prison of the grandfather she had always believed to be dead for her to find out about and understand her family and its past. In the play's final moments, Rosie puts on the scratchy record of Armenian music that she had previously derided. In one small gesture reconciling herself with both her family and her 3,000-year-old history, it's a potent moment, but an all too rare one in an uneven kitchen-sink drama that concentrates too much on domestic squabbles and whose authors seem to think that the odd reference

to Bosnia is sufficient to justify the tacit sanctioning of fit-for-tat retaliation. Rather more sophisticated and infinitely better written and acted is Richard Kalinoski's eloquent *Beast On The Moon*, one of those treasured plays that is like a pebble dropped in a mill pond. It seems bigger than itself, not least because, in its intimate portrait of the uneasy marriage between Aram and Seta, survivors of the 1915 massacre, it makes crystal clear the experience of an entire tribe as they painfully learn the lesson summed up by that survivor of another Holocaust, Primo Levi, that "the aim of life is the best defence against death." Unable to bear the child that Aram so longs for to fill the blanketed-out faces of the slaughtered on his family photograph, Seta is forced to make a journey from girlhood to womanhood, from existing in the past to living in the present, so proving to her reluctant husband that they do have a stake in the future, even without children of their own. The narrator who bears witness to their story is evidence of that. The writing is not always completely focused, but in the scenes between Aram and Seta it is dead accurate, like a sharp knife in the heart. □ *The Sentence* is at the Old Red Lion (0171-437 7818) until June 8. *Beast On The Moon* is at BAC (0171-223 2223) until June 2

Lyn Gardner

MUSIC

Olaf Bär
Wigmore Hall, London

A NUMBER of people arriving at the Wigmore Hall on Thursday to hear Dawn Upshaw and Olaf Bär sing Schubert and Barber were disappointed. A placard outside announced that Upshaw had withdrawn because of illness. Bär would sing Schubert's Winterreise instead. In the foyer there was a certain amount of alarm. People were demanding refunds at the box-office or stomping out into the street in annoyance. Their disappointment was understandable. Upshaw sings infrequently in London. Not everyone has the time or money to go to Glyndebourne to hear her perform in Theodora. What I found less comprehensible, however, was that people were not prepared to stay and hear the greatest of all Lieder cycles sung by one of its finest interpreters. Bär sang Winterreise to a hall that was barely two thirds full — and proved that he can still sing it as

well, if not better, than anyone else. His interpretation has actually deepened with time. His voice has darkened slightly of late, and he occasionally allows a rasp to intrude upon the basic velvety sound. This now lets him expand the emotional range of the songs to include hissing rages as well as dilapidation and despair. He conveys the fluctuations of the text without nudging the melodic line, using self-conscious vocal gestures sparingly, but to telling effect — the audible intake of breath at the end of "Wasserflut", for instance, when the singer realises he is near the house of the woman who rejected him. He's a wonderful vocal actor, but what is most important in Bär's recitals is that the acting remains in his voice. He doesn't grimace, or fling himself around the concert platform, but stands in concentrated stillness, occasionally folding and unfolding his hands. Those who stayed, heard, in fact, a profoundly moving performance. When it was over, there was a long silence before the audience erupted with cheers. Tim Ashley

THEATRE

Calamity Jane
Sadler's Wells, London

ISEE they are billing Calamity Jane, now touring to Sadler's Wells, as "the original Wild West musical". That would have come as news to Irving Berlin whose *Annie Get Your Gun* also boasts a sharp-shooting, tough-talking western heroine who eventually conforms to stock male notions of femininity. But even if Calamity Jane is politically incorrect old hat, it just about gets by because of the bounce of Sammy Fain's score and the liveliness of Gemma Craven as the gun-toting lead. The story itself is pretty silly stuff. Calamity, depicted to bring a Chicago burlesque topline back to dull old Deadwood, winds up importing the star's maid who is an aspiring chanteuse. It doesn't say much for the eyesight of a heroine supposedly quick on the draw. And although Calamity nurses a hopeless passion for an army lieutenant, once he has paired off with the imported showgirl she herself falls straight

into the arms of Wild Bill Hickok to the tune of "Secret Love". I've heard of love on the rebound, but this is ridiculous. Fain's score, however, is punchy, and Paul Kerryson's production, with its prop horses galloping away behind a gauze, perfectly amiable: the hit number, surprisingly, turns out to be "A Woman's Touch" in which Katie, the saloon-bar import, transforms Calamity's dowdy shack into a place of chintzy charm. Gemma Craven, however, carries the show and radiates a buckskinned energy and good-hearted innocence that communicated itself even to my distant seat in the circle. Grace Kingston is also beguiling as her amatory rival who represents traditional femininity. But the show's sexual politics don't bear thinking about, and I was genuinely puzled by a sign on Paul Farnsworth's set proclaiming "City Marshall". Is this a genuine mistake or a satirical comment on the fact they were spelling outuffers, as well as male-chauvinists, in darkest Deadwood? □ At Sadler's Wells, London EC1 (0171-713-6000) until June 15.

Michael Billington

Death by a thousand old jokes

Television

Adam Sweeting

FRIDAY night is run-the-gantlet night for comedians. Can anyone outwit *The Fast Show*? Who can fill Father Ted's cask? Probably not Jack Dee and Jeremy Hardy, with their new series *Jack And Jeremy's Real Lives* (C4). The first of their new six-parters offered a few infantile belly-laughs and some silly voices, but is this really the most we can expect from our top-earning comics? This opening episode was

called *Aristocrats*, and featured Jack and Jeremy as Jack and Jeremy, two aristocratic brothers. Jeremy was weak, sickly, walked only with difficulty and felt "overburdened by privilege". Jack was noisy, brash, selfish, arrogant and drunk, guzzling champagne from a giant pewter tankard, and purporting to work as a photographer in order to procure girls. All very well taking the piss out of the inbred, unworried world of the hereditary peerage, but this far down the post-colonial line we desperately need some fresh insights and some new jokes — even one new joke. However, this looked like an end-of-term revue.

hastily scribbled on the back of a May Ball dance card. For source material, nobody had bothered to look beyond *Wodehouse*, *Brideshead Revisited* (or at least the first couple of episodes of the TV version) and *Waddington's Crusade*. Confronted by a murder in the Café Royal, Jeremy cried, "Let me through, I'm an aristocrat. No one leaves this room until I've unveiled the murderer." There were ham-fisted references to the accepted wisdom that aristocrats have historically treated ordinary people with disdain, that they have disgusting sexual proclivities and are congenitally stupid. Yes, and then...? But that was it.



End of term revue... Jack And Jeremy's Real Lives

Also getting away with murder was Dawn French in *Murder Most Horrid* (BBC2). This one featured Dawn as Linda Bryce, schoolteacher-wife of Jerry Bryce (Hugh Laurie), the Leader of the Opposition. Builders are remodelling Jerry and Linda's kitchen. A vile stench arises, seemingly emanating from beneath the floor.

leids went to town on Jerry's election prospects. Anyway, it all pivoted on the idea that you get rid of one load of corpses only to find that Sod's Law has ensured that three new stiffs appear to replace the old ones. Without Laurie's skilful portrayal of a vain, brittle man earnestly shoring up a facade of probity, and French's characteristically brusque and

bossy woman-on-top, there was precious little happening here. Like Dee and Hardy, writer Anthony Horowitz merely recycled stock characters and plot clichés from elderly and familiar genres. The vicar did it, in case you're wondering. Then again, *Murder Most Horrid* seemed more realistic than the allegedly true-life murder yarn in *Expert Witness* (TV). In *The Body In The Box*, best Michael Gambon strilled lugubriously in front of the camera and intoned an admonitory narrative about how the police methodically pursued their investigations until only one conclusion was possible. The victim had even been dispatched with our old friend, the blunt instrument. We should be grateful that there is at least one programme on TV containing no irony whatsoever. On the other hand, at a time when forensic evidence is habitually called into question, who on earth convinced Network Centre that now is the time to create a chuckle-free facsimile of Edgar Lustgarten's laudatory Scotland Yard programmes, in which cases are solved by the God-like intervention of scientists in white coats?

"A TERRIFIC TWISTED COMEDY A DAZZLING MIX OF MIRTH AND MALICE"

A FILM BY JOEL AND ETHAN COEN

FARGO.

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HEAVY GUN

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NOW SHOWING IN THE WEST END
STARTS JUNE 14 AT A CINEMA NEAR YOU

How Atlantic waives the rules

Radio

Anne Karpf

THERE'S something agreeably swashbuckling about the idea of a radio station broadcasting to the UK from the Republic of Ireland, and attracting a greater share of the nation's listening than the home-grown big boys like Virgin or Classic FM. But Atlantic 252 is no pirate, no David among the radio Goliaths: on the contrary, it's the epitome of the modern, corporate media product — niche radio incarnate. Atlantic 252 styles itself "hot adult contemporary": like so many radio stations, it is chasin' the 15- to 34-year-olds, and its breakfast *Dick* name patter is indistinguishable from most others. But as the day proceeds, so Atlantic 252's distinctive brand unfolds. This is a highly targeted Top 40 station which plays only familiar hits, and plays them more often than its rivals. Therein lies its success. But the most interesting aspect of the Atlantic 252 playlist is the fact that it's entirely research-led. It works like this. Each week, market researchers phone up around 100 young people and play them "hooks" of songs — eight to 10 seconds of a tune. It has to be something they already know, or, in the words of programme director Henry Owens, "they generally say they don't like it". On the basis of a couple of bars, they score the tunes from one to five, and on the basis of their replies the station draws up its playlist. Atlantic 252 was the first station to use "call-out research" so extensively, but now all the major stations have followed. The audience will have

heard the music already elsewhere. "We're not in the business of educating people about new music," Owens says. "I'll use an overworked metaphor, when you walk into a McDonald's, you know exactly what a McDonald's will taste like, and that's the same with us." So, although Atlantic 252 might play Oasis and Pulp, they'll generally only play them a couple of weeks after their release, and then only on the basis of their research. But after that there's no stopping them: they're currently playing the new George Michael 70 Lines a week, as against around 50 plays a week on Radio 1, and 40-50 on Capital. This policy of playing the not-quite new, ad nauseam, has been remarkably successful. Atlantic 252 has 3.8 million listeners, even though it can only be heard properly by 66 per cent of the UK, for those south of the line from Weymouth to the Wash, the signal is decidedly wobbly. On the other hand, the station loves its Long Wave frequency, because it means listeners can drive from Land's End to John O'Groats without having to retune. And, as Owens frankly admits, this is not the kind of

music for which you need stereo. Atlantic 252 is probably the radio of the future. It gives its audience only what it wants. But the latest R.A.J.A.R. figures show a greater-than-usual seasonal decline. After seven years, has Atlantic's bubble begun to burst? Paradoxically Atlantic's co-owner, CLT, is also behind Nfm which, along with its rival Festival Radio, will put in bids next month for a London FM franchise. Both Festival Radio and Nfm are the antithesis of Atlantic 252, but they are further examples of niche radio: both want to run a station playing alternative and indie music, including unsigned bands, live sessions and exclusive mixes. Once again, London lags behind the rest of the world: Sweden, Australia, Israel, Hungary — even the Czech Republic — have legal alternative music stations. New York has three. London has zilch. Last year the Radio Authority (charged with encouraging diversity) absurdly awarded two precious London FM licences to Virgin (which already had a national A31 licence) and Heart (through a variant of Capital Radio). This time, will it take a risk?

Handwritten signature or mark at the bottom of the page.

John Berger (left) first wrote about Leon Kossoff, (right) almost 40 years ago. Since then Kossoff has become one of the most reclusive and distinctive of British artists. Here, critic and artist correspond about Kossoff's work, as the painter prepares for a major retrospective at the Tate



DEAR LEON, I still remember clearly the first time I visited you in your studio, or the room you were then using as a studio. It was some 40 years ago. I remember the debris and the omnipresent hope. The hope was strange because it's nature was that of a bone, buried in the earth by a dog.

Now the bone is unburied and the hope has become an impressive achievement. Except that the last word is wrong, don't you think? To hell with achievement and its recognition which always comes too late. But a hope of redemption has been raised. You have saved much of what you love.

All this is best not said in words. It's like trying to describe the flavour of garlic or the smell of a new version. What I want to ask you about is the studio.

The first thing painters ask about a studio-space usually concerns the light. And so one might think of a studio as a kind of conservatory or observatory or even lighthouse. And of course light is important. But it seems to me that a studio, when being used, is much more like a stomach. A place of digestion, transformation and excretion. Where images change form. Where everything is both regular and unpredictable. Where there's no apparent order and from where a well-being comes. A full stomach is, unhappily, one of the oldest dreams in the world. No?

Perhaps I say this to provoke you, because I'd like to know what images a studio (where images are made) suggests to you — you who have spent years alone in a studio. When we enter one, we go blind in order to see. Tell me...

With affection and a respect bordering on veneration — John

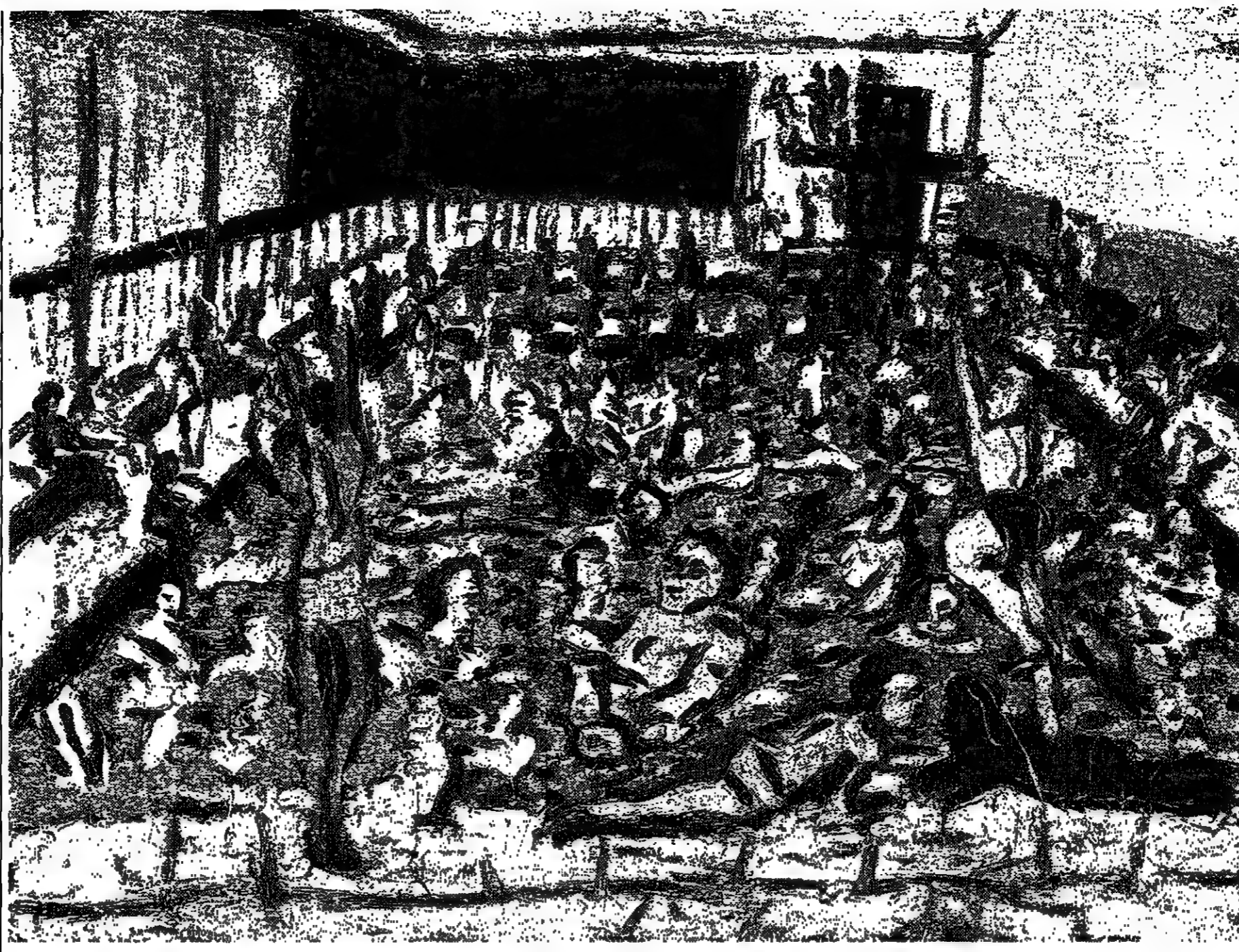
DEAR JOHN, Thank you for your letter. Almost 40 years ago you wrote a very generous piece on my work, *The Weight*. It was the first and, for many years, the only constructive and positive response to the work, and I never thanked you. But I have never forgotten it, and, in the strange time I am living through, now, of having to gather my work (and my life I suppose) together for a first retrospective, I am frequently reminded of it.

All the things you say about the studio are true and the place I work in is much the same as it has always been. A room in a house — a much larger house. There is mess and paint everywhere on the walls — on the floor. Brushes are drying by the radiator, unfinished paintings are on the walls with drawings of current subjects. There is a place for the model to sit in a corner and a few reproductions on the wall that I've had most of my painting life. I don't worry much about the light, sometimes it can be awkward as the room faces due south, then I turn the painting round or start a new version. I seem engaged in an endless cycle of activities. For the best part of 40 years I have been left alone but recently, owing to extra exposure and studio visits the place has become like a deserted ship.

Do you remember when we first saw the revealing and moving photographs of Brancusi's and Giacometti's studios in the 1950s? It was a special time. Now every book on every artist includes a photograph of the studio. It has become a familiar stage-set for the artist's work. Has the activity become more important than the resulting image, or does the image need the confirmation of the studio and the myth of the artist because it's not strong enough to be on its own?

I don't know what the work will look like when it finally appears on the walls of the Tate. The main thing that has kept the going all these years is my obsession that I need to teach myself to draw. I have never felt that I can draw and as time has passed this feeling has not changed. So my work has been an experiment in self-education.

Now, after all this drawing, if I stand before a vast Veronese I experience the painting as an exciting exploratory drawing in paint. Or, looking at Velasquez's *Pope Innocent X*, sit present in the National Gallery, I wonder, after moving to the nearby early *Christ after Flagellation*, at the transformation of his capacity to draw with paint. Recently I saw a book of Fayum portraits (the Egyptian mummy paintings) and, thinking about the closeness to Cézanne and the best Picasso, I am reminded of the importance of drawing to all art since the beginning of time. I know this is familiar to you — even a little — but it's where I am in and end. The exhibition will com-



Pool of dreams... Kossoff's Children's Swimming Pool, Autumn Afternoon (1971) and, below, Head of Chaim (1993)

PHOTOGRAPHS: top left MARTIN ANGLIS and right TORY GLANVILLE

A marathon swim through thick and thin

mence with the thick painting you wrote about. Will the later, relatively lighter and thinner work be seen to have emerged out of my need to relate to the outside world by teaching myself to draw?

DEAR LEON, I don't, of course, find your thought about drawing "simplistic". I too have been looking at that extraordinary book of Fayum portraits. And what strikes me, as it must strike everybody, is their "thereness". They are there in front of us, here and now. And that's why they were painted — to remain here, after their departure.

This quality depends on the drawing and the complicity, the inter-penetrations between the head and the space immediately around it. (Perhaps this is partly why we think of Cézanne.) But isn't it also to do with something else — which perhaps approaches the secret of this so mysterious process which we call drawing — isn't it also to do with the collaboration of the sitter? Sometimes the sitter was alive, sometimes dead, but one always senses a participation, a will to be seen, or, maybe, a waiting-to-be-seen. It seems to me that even in the work of a great master, the difference between his astounding works and the rest, always comes down to this question of a collaboration with the painted, or its absence.

The romantic notion of the artist as creator eclipsed — and today the notion of the artist as a star still eclipses — the role of receptivity, of openness in the artist. This is the pre-condition for any such collaboration.

So-called "good" draughtsmanship always supplies an answer. It may be a brilliant answer (Picasso sometimes), or it may be a dull one (any number of academics). Real drawing is a constant question, is a clumsiness, which is a form of hospitality towards what is being drawn. And, such hospitality once offered, the collaborations can sometimes begin.

When you say "I need to teach myself to draw," I think I can recognise the obstinacy

and the doubt from which that comes. But the only reply I can give is: I hope you never learn to draw! (There would be no more collaboration. There would only be an answer.)

Your brother Chaim (in the larger 1993 portrait) is there like one of the ancient Egyptians. His spirit is different, he has lived a different life, he is a waiting something different (Not that's wrong, he's awaiting the same thing but in a different way.) But he is equally there. When somebody or something is there, the painting method seems to be a detail. It is like the self-effacement of a good host.

Pilar (1984) is there to a degree that makes us forget every detail. Through her body, her life was waiting to be seen, and it collaborated with you, and your drawing in paint allowed that life to enter.

You don't draw in paint in the same way as Velasquez — not only because times have changed, but also because time has changed, your openness is not the same either (with his open scepticism, you with your fervent need for closeness), but the riddle of collaboration is still similar. Maybe when I say your "openness", I'm simplifying and being too personal. Yes, it comes from you, but it passes into other things. In your painting of Pilar, the surface of pigment, those gestures one upon another like the household gestures of a mother during a life-time, the space of the room — all these are open to Pilar and her body waiting-to-be-seen. Or is it, rather, waiting-to-be-recognised?

In your landscapes the receptivity of the air to what it surrounds is even more evident. The sky opens to what is under it and in *Christchurch Spinfields, Morning 1990*, it clouds down to surround it. In *Christchurch Stormy Day, Summer 1994*, the church is equally open to the sky. The fact that you go on painting the same motif allows these collaborations to become closer and closer. Perhaps in painting this is what intimacy means. And you push it very far, in your own unmistakable way. For the sky to "receive" a steeple or a column is not simple, but



'Your brother Chaim (above) is there like an ancient Egyptian. The painting method seems to be a detail. It is like the self-effacement of a good host'

it's something clear. (It's what, during centuries, steeples and columns were made for.) But you succeed in making an early summer suburban landscape "receive", be open to, a diesel engine! And there I don't know how you do it! I can only see that you've done it. The afternoon heat has something to do with it? But how does that heat become drawing? How does such heat draw in paint? It does, but I don't know how. What I'm saying sounds complex. In fact all I'm saying is already there in your marvellous and very simple title: *Here Comes the Diesel*.

You say that on the walls of your painting rooms there are some reproductions which have been pinned there for years. I wonder what? Last night I dreamt I saw at least one. But this morning I've forgotten it.

I suppose that soon you'll be hanging the paintings at the Tate. I've never done it but I guess it's a very hard moment. It's difficult to hang paintings

well because their *thereness* compete. But apart from this difficulty, what I guess is hard is being forced to see them as exhibits. For Beuys it was OK because his collaboration was with the spectator. But for iconic works like yours it may seem, I imagine, like a dislocation, and therefore a violence. Yet don't worry — they will hold their own. They are coming from their own place. Like the train between Kilburn and Willesden Green.

With affection and respect John

DEAR JOHN, No one has written about the work of drawing and painting with such directness and selfless insight as you have in your last letter to me. That it's "my" work you are writing about is less important than the fact that, through your words, you acknowledge the separateness and independence of the images. "Thereness" follows nothingness. It is impossible to pre-meditate. It is to do with the

collaboration of the sitter, as you say, but also to do with the disappearance of the sitter the moment the image emerges. Is this what you mean by "the self-effacement of the good host"? The Fayum portraits of course emerge out of an attitude to life and death quite different from our own. In the pyramids there was life after death and the life was in the "thereness" of the portraits. If there is something of this quality in the painting of Pilar it has more to do with the processes I am involved with than trying to paint a certain picture.

Pilar came to sit for me some years ago. She comes two mornings a week. For the first two or three years I drew from her. Then I started to paint her. Painting consists of more than one board around working over the whole board quickly, trying to relate what was happening on the board to what I thought I was seeing. The paint is mixed before starting — there is always more than one board around to start another version. The process goes on a long time, sometimes a year or two. Though other things are happening in my life which affect me, the image that I might leave appears moments after scraping, as a response to a slight change of movement or light. Similarly with the landscape paintings. The subject is visited many times and lots of drawings are made, mostly very quickly. The work is begun in the studio where each new drawing means a new start until one day a drawing appears which opens up the subject in a new way, so I work from the drawing as I do from the sitter. It's the process I am engaged in that is important.

I'm not too worried about the hanging of the paintings. The Tate are very good at this. The experience will be very strange. I haven't seen many of the pictures for a very long time and as the event draws closer I become more aware that the work will represent an experiment in living which has been exciting, interesting and extending so I'm not so concerned about success or failure as I am about holding myself together to keep the experiment going. This is rather difficult.

The reproductions I have had on my wall since my student days are the Rembrandt *Bathsheba*, a late Michelangelo drawing, the Philadelphia Cézanne, *Achille Empaire* by Cézanne, and a photograph of some early works by Frank Auerbach. About 20 years ago I added a head by Velasquez (Aesop) and a portrait by Delacroix. I don't look at them much but they are there.

The portrait by Delacroix is of Aesop. I almost forgot the *Judgement of Solomon* by Foussin.

DEAR LEON, Yes, the disappearance of the sitter at a certain moment. And you're right. I Barcélo on behalf of the blind reminds me that recently I heard a blind man talking on the radio about his experience of light. He said: "Reassuring, encouraging, people makes a kind of light." (I know this is not what you are saying but doesn't "touch" produce a kind of light also?) This blind man knew somehow that light would occur through the deepening of his relationship with the outside world. And so it is with painting. It is impossible to set out to paint light. Light in a painting makes its own appearance. It occurs as a result of a resolution of the relationships within the work. The painter might be driven by anxiety but the light in final work (I'm thinking of Cézanne) is as much a surprise to him as it is a delight to us. In a sense, before the work is resolved, the painter is, in a certain way, blind.

It is possible we become more "Latin" as we grow older. In my case I wish it was the other way round. Perhaps not. These days I feel I should have born nearer the Mediterranean in the first place. Yours, Leon

important thing is to "hold things together" to "keep the experiment going." And it's (most of the time) rather difficult.

I guess the *Bathsheba* is the one where she's holding a letter? And on her forearm she's wearing a bracelet which, in a way I can't understand but probably you can, is the keystone of the whole painting? And that marvellous rear leg in shadow, and everything tentative except her body.

My friend the Spanish painter, Barcélo has made a whole book of relicts with a text in Braille to be felt with the fingers by those who are blind. And this makes me see that if a blind person felt *Bathsheba's* body and then felt Pilar's or Cathy's, they would have the sensation of touching similar flesh. And this similarity is not to do with a similar way of painting but with a comparable respect for flesh, paint and their vicissitudes, their endless vicissitudes. The Aesop of Velasquez I too have lived with for years. A strange coincidence, Leon, no?

And again, the method which has nothing to do with method, I see something in common between Aesop and your brother Chaim (1993). Something said by your presence. "He observes, watches, recognises, listens to what surrounds him and is exterior to him, and at the same time he ponders within, ceaselessly arranging what he has perceived, trying to find a sense which goes beyond the five senses with which he was born. The sense found in what he sees, however precarious and ambiguous it may be, is his only real possession."

Last week I was looking at Aesop in Madrid, in the same room as the head of a deer, in the same life as Willesden and a children's swimming pool. Tell me how you are.

I salute you! (Incorrigible Latin that I am in my exuberance, blackness notwithstanding.) John

PS: What sort of music do you like?

DEAR JOHN, Thank you for your letter. I am still thinking about "thereness" and the Velasquez portrait of Aesop. Referring to a book on the artist I noticed that the author writes "the picture is by no means a portrait but rather an amalgam of literary and visual sources successfully disguised under a veneer of realism". Art historians can get away with anything! So I went back to Pacheco, the painter and father-in-law of Velasquez — who wrote — "I keep to nature for everything and in the case of my son-in-law who follows this course one can see how he differs from all the rest because he always works from life, and later "those who have excelled as draughtsmen will excel in this field" (portraits).

Reading Pacheco, one realises that Velasquez must have been drawing continuously and it becomes possible to begin to understand how the image of Aesop might have emerged in a few moments at the end of a day's painting, as the artist turned away from the work he was engaged upon, to encounter this extraordinary person who had entered the studio. Velasquez was the ultimate example of the artist working at the end of turning drawing into painting like Degas and Manet after him. Drawing from life in paint becomes "thereness".

And there's something else — the effort of your friend Barcélo on behalf of the blind reminds me that recently I heard a blind man talking on the radio about his experience of light. He said: "Reassuring, encouraging, people makes a kind of light." (I know this is not what you are saying but doesn't "touch" produce a kind of light also?) This blind man knew somehow that light would occur through the deepening of his relationship with the outside world. And so it is with painting. It is impossible to set out to paint light. Light in a painting makes its own appearance. It occurs as a result of a resolution of the relationships within the work. The painter might be driven by anxiety but the light in final work (I'm thinking of Cézanne) is as much a surprise to him as it is a delight to us. In a sense, before the work is resolved, the painter is, in a certain way, blind.

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The exhibition of Leon Kossoff's work can be seen at the Tate Gallery, London, from June 6 to September 1. A catalogue edited by Paul Moorhouse accompanies the exhibition and costs £25 in paperback. © All rights reserved

سكندرية

Timothy Leary

Legend of the counterculture

TIMOTHY Leary, who has died of cancer aged 78, was the American psychologist and philosopher best-known for advising his Harvard University students to "turn on, tune in, and drop out" during the 1960s.

Thanks to his enthusiasm for countercultural causes, Leary found himself, throughout his life, embroiled in controversy and legal jeopardy.

With more than 30 books and at least as many manuscripts still unpublished, Leary, one of the founders of "existential transactional psychotherapy" was probably this century's most dogmatic advocate and accomplished researcher in the use of chemicals and technology to stimulate what he saw as personal

his first wife, Marianne, and fathered his two children, Jack and Susan. He then became research director of the psychiatric clinic at Oakland's Kaiser Hospital. He was an expert on personality tests, many of which he wrote.

Leary's real passion was not for personality assessment, but personality transformation. Troubled by his clinic's rather low success rate, Leary analysed the improvement rates of patients treated at the clinic with those spending the same amount of time on the waiting list. There was no statistical difference. He published the results in the *Journal of Consulting Psychology*, and in *The Interpersonal Diagnostic of Personality*. His inter-

acted the therapeutic process itself. His lectures on the subject made him a cult figure among his students.

But it wasn't until the summer of 1960 that Leary found a tool capable of inducing the therapeutic setting for which he was searching. At the enthusiastic suggestion of a Berkeley colleague Frank Barron, Leary, in Mexico with his children and several Harvard friends, had his first experience with hallucinogenic mushrooms.

In his 1963 autobiography *Flashbacks* he wrote that he had abruptly discovered "that we have been programmed all these years, that everything we accept as reality is just social fabrication." He

cent to 10 per cent after psychedelic sessions. "Everything I have learned in the subsequent 20 years of drug research," Leary wrote in *Flashbacks*, "has strengthened my conviction that psychedelic reprogramming ranks with DNA deciphering as one of the most significant discoveries of the century." With large batches of psilocybin and equal enthusiasm, Leary turned on many eager graduate students to the transformative potential of his new discovery, and generated some anxiety among his peers.

But he made many friends, too, and turned on intellectuals and writers like Richard Alpert, Ralph Metzner, Humphrey Osmond, Jack Kerouac and Allen Ginsberg. Leary's exposure to the early 1960s counterculture proved as enlightening for him as did their exposure to psychedelics. After taking psychedelic drugs with a group of musicians and artists at the musician Maynard Ferguson's house in 1962, Leary shed the last of his academic shell, deciding that "the real secret of the universe" was sex.

Word of Dr Leary's magic potion spread, and everyone wanted to try. In spite of the fact that he forbade illegal drugs like marijuana to be used in his home, and that he required all trippers to take formal personality tests, the sessions began to look less and less like psychological research, and more like parties. This, coupled with the introduction of LSD into the mix, was more than the Harvard faculty could stomach. Although Leary took his research off campus as far as Mexico, he was fired in 1963, but not before he had publicised LSD as the religious sacrament of the 20th century, and accepted the mantle as the drug's "high priest".

Leary set up shop at a mansion at Millbrook, in upstate



New York with his other psychedelic expatriates, in an East Coast counterpart to Ken Kesey's "merry pranksters". There in 1964 he met and married his second wife, Nanette. Together they travelled to the Far East, where he met the lama and guru that had inspired him, Richard Alpert and Ralph Metzner, to write *The Psychedelic Experience*, a tripping manual drawing on *The Tibetan Book of the Dead*. Unfortunately the magical quality of his relationship with Nanette faded while they

were away from the Millbrook setting. They divorced. Soon afterwards, back at Millbrook, Leary met Rosemary Woodruff, who would become his third wife in 1967 and one of his most faithful allies. Their courtship was interrupted, and fuelled, by frequent raids — including one organised by the Watergate burglar G Gordon Liddy — on Millbrook and the eventual prosecution of Leary and his fellow communers. Despite a counter-campaign in the media planned, in part,

by Marshall McLuhan, who inspired Leary to come up with "turn on, tune in, drop out," the centre was eventually shut down. Ironically, Leary was ultimately arrested for transporting \$10-worth of marijuana across the Mexican border. In 1970 he was sentenced to 10 years for possession. With assistance from Rosemary, and the radical group the Weather Underground, Leary escaped from his low-security prison, the California Men's Colony, within a year. He briefly stayed with

Tuning in with the Yippies, 1968... Timothy Leary, at the height of his notoriety, holds court with Abbie Hoffman (left) beneath a montage poster of Lyndon Johnson

the black radical Eldridge Cleaver in Algeria, but after a political quarrel, Leary and Rosemary moved to Switzerland.

In late 1973 he was recaptured in Kabul and extradited via agents from the US Drug Enforcement Agency. He served another four years at Folsom Prison while writing several books including *Exo-Psychology Neurologic and Stareed*.

In his later years, Leary had trouble being taken seriously. He was most successful lecturing students, couching his rhetoric in humour. He even went on a 1982 debating tour with his former adversary G Gordon Liddy.

Leary moved to Beverly Hills where he befriended many Hollywood stars, and maintained a 12-year marriage with his last wife, Barbara, adopting her son Zachary with whom he remained very close even after their separation. His only regrets, he once observed, were the estrangement of his son and the suicides of his first wife and of his daughter, who hanged herself in prison after being accused of shooting her boyfriend.

By the 1980s, Leary had turned his attention to the cybernetic revolution. He became one of the first promoters of computers, virtual reality and the Internet. As he developed prostate cancer and emphysema, Leary became interested in "soul preservation" and explored cryonic or "freezing" as an alternative to permanent death, as outlined in his last book *The Ultimate Trip*. Thus did Leary hope to "re-animate", once the appropriate technology becomes available.

Douglas Rushkoff

Timothy Francis Leary, visionary, born October 22, 1920; died May 31, 1996



Thanks to his enthusiasm for countercultural causes, Leary found himself, throughout his life, embroiled in controversy and legal jeopardy

est now was in discovering just what conditions allowed for successful transformation.

In 1968, shortly after the tragic suicide of his wife Marianne, Leary was invited to lecture at Harvard. Part of the aim was to invigorate the Center for Personality Research.

The university got more than it bargained for. By 1969, as the successor to the Center's existential psychologist David McClelland, Leary endeavoured to determine how the social settings and behaviours inherent to all therapy af-

returned to Harvard to set up more formal research.

Faced with the magnitude of the task, Leary sought the advice of thinkers such as Aldous Huxley, who had written *The Doors of Perception* about the experience of hallucinogenic drugs, who told him that the only choice was to "become a cheerleader for evolution. All we can do is spread the word". Thus did Leary administer psychedelic drugs to prison inmates, whose rate of return to the prison, he asserted, decreased from 70 per

Tamara Toumanova

Black pearl of Russian ballet

TAMARA Toumanova, who has died aged 71, was one of the most glamorous of the "baby ballerinas" who inspired choreographers and sustained a huge public for ballet through the 1930s.

The Ballet Russe companies with which they appeared kept alive the popularity, and the importance, of the art form between the deaths of Diaghilev and Pavlova and the emergence of national companies in this country and in America.

Toumanova, a Slav beauty with lustrous black hair and big dark eyes, epitomised the image of the Russian ballerina and her early history typified the story of emigre dancers of that time. Born in a train as her parents escaped across Siberia, she eventually reached Shanghai where she saw Pavlova, determined to be a dancer and even wrote to God asking him to make her one — and quickly too.

Her mother, like Margot Fonteyn's mother, believed in the child and moved the family to Paris. There she enrolled her daughter in the studio of the imperial Russian ballerina Olga Preobrajenska. Preo helped them; she recognised an exceptional talent and Tamara worked to help pay the rent and food bills. She was saved from precocity by her parents and her teacher, her mother, to whom she was de-

voted, was one of the most incredible "ballet mothers" of all time.

At the age of 11 Tamara appeared as a guest artist at the Paris Opéra in *L'Essential de Jeanne*, the joint work of Ravel, Ferrand, Ibert, Manuel, Roussel, Milhaud, Poulenc, Auric and Schmitt — nearly a composer for each year of her age.

Balanchine, who loved young dancers, saw her at Preo's and recruited her for the Ballets Russes de Monte Carlo when she was 13. He created for her the beautiful, mysterious *Cottillon* (1932) and the character ballet *Conterrence*, both of which celebrated her dazzling technique as well as her dramatic gifts.

When Balanchine left to join Edward James's Les Ballets 1933 he took Toumanova with him and created for her, during that company's short life, the first version of *Mozartiana*, decorated by Christian Bérard, and *Songes*, designed by Derain. During that company's London season, Toumanova's status as a ballerina was recognised by an adoring public, not least Arnold Haskell who had known her since she was a child and was to christen her "the black pearl of the Russian ballet".

When Les Ballets 1933 disbanded, Lincoln Kirstein claimed Balanchine for America, at Haskell's insistence, Colonel de Basil re-



Tamara Toumanova... from a 'baby ballerina' with the Ballets Russes to performing in a Hitchcock film

claimed Toumanova for his Ballets Russes. Here, as Haskell had foretold, she was to form the perfect complement to her contemporary and former classmate, Irina Baronova, her dark beauty and temperament ideally contrasted with Baronova's blonde charm and innate classicism. Massine, whose first "symphonic" ballet, *Les Présages* had starred Baronova, featured Toumanova in his second, *Choreartium*, October 1934. And he cast her as the Beloved in his *Symphonie Fantastique* of 1936. She also, together with Baronova, danced all the great classic roles, Swan Lake, Princess

Aurora and, above all, Giselle. In 1941 she worked with Balanchine again, creating the ballerina role in *Balustrade*, which he made for the Original Ballet Russe to Stravinsky's *Violin Concerto* in designs by Pavel Tchelitchev. It enjoyed all of three performances despite its astonishing beauty.

After the war she made guest appearances with many companies, including that of the Marquis de Cuevas, conquering a new generation of European ballet-goers. She was with Balanchine in Paris to create a leading role in *Le Palais de Cristal* (Symphony in C) at the Paris Opéra and

there she also created the title role in Lida's *Phedre*, first staged at the Opéra in 1950. Libretto and design were by Jean Cocteau who described Toumanova as "a great dancer and a great tragedienne". Throughout her career she had won tributes from writers and artists.

Toumanova was married to screenwriter/producer Case Robinson. She also appeared in films, including Hitchcock's *Turn of Mind*, Billy Wilder's *The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes* and Gene Kelly's *Institution to the Dance*.

One of her last London appearances was as a guest with Festival Ballet at the Royal

Festival Hall in 1954 when, at Anton Dolin's invitation, she took over the title role in an indifferent production of *Esmeralda* and blazed it into glorious, glamorous life.

Her final gift to ballet was to present the gorgeous Russian costumes she had inherited from Preobrajenska to the museum of the Maryinsky Theatre in St Petersburg, the theatre which was the birthplace of Preo's and, hence, Toumanova's art.

Mary Clarke

Tamara Toumanova, dancer, born March 2, 1918; died May 28, 1996

Weekend Birthdays

YOU HAVE to say Gerald Scarle's 60 today, has managed the clever deal right from the start — he won a competition in the Eagle magazine, David Hockney was only the runner-up. He was young and outrageous when shock sold best (he was recruited from *Private Eye* to the Daily Mail in the 1960s, and they offered him both an E-type Jag and a stint of reportage in Vietnam); he's consistently exercised his hates — politicians mostly — by spotting and jabbing them down on paper or moulding them in paper-mâché as worm-riddled, lewd, nasally-challenged monsters, so of course, he's in the most benign state of mental health and his accountant speaks to him affably; he can design a giant inflated pig for the Pink Floyd's Berlin Wall rockathon, Orpheus for the English National Opera, a little fluffy blob for his wife Jane Asher's children's book *Mopsy Is Happy*, and very nearly cheerful ads for Oddbins — the splashes were only burgundy, not blood — yet never quite spends all his capital of moral credibility. (It helped when Murdoch was rumoured to have mugged of his *Sunday Times* work "We must get rid of this pinko artist".) A better deal than Faust — Gerry got the money and the reds and kept his soul.

Today's other birthdays: Pat Boone, crooner, actor, 62; Martin Brundle, racing driver, 37; Brian Cox, actor and director, 60; Gemma Craven, actress, 46; Sir Norman Foster, architect, 61; Jean Lambert, environmentalist, chair, Green Party, 46; Sir Robert Megarry, former vice-chancellor of the Supreme Court, 86; Bob Monkhouse, comedian, 68; Air Cdre Ruth Montagu, former director, WRAF, 67; Paço Pena, flamenco guitarist, 54; Robert Powell, actor, 52; Jonathan Pryce, actor, 49; Nigel Short, chess player, 31; Air Commodore Sir Frank Whittle, OM, FRS, a aviation expert, inventor of the jet engine, 88.

Tomorrow's birthdays: Ex-King Constantine of Greece, 66; Prof Heather Couper, astronomer and broadcaster, 67; Mark Elder, conductor, musical director, 49; Dave 'Boyz' Green, boxer, 43; Marvin Hamlisch, composer, 52; The Rt Rev Richard Harries, Bishop of Oxford, 60; Rosalyn Higgins, QC, former Lord Judge on the International Court of Justice, 59; Stacy Keach, actor, 55; Sally Kellerman, actress, 59; Gay Kinnersley, racehorse trainer, 66; Sonia Lawson, painter, 43; Carol Shields, novelist, 61; Johnny Speight, scriptwriter, 78; Craig Stadler, golfer, 43; Francesca Stanforth, textile designer, 38; Barbara Tate, president, Society of Women Artists, 69; Charlie Watts, drummer, the Rolling Stones, 55; Mark Waugh, cricketer, 31; Steve Waugh, cricketer, 31; David Wheaton, tennis player, 37.



Face to Faith

Nearer to silence

Danny Sullivan

OFTEN gestures speak more loudly than words. Recently, 45 people gathered for a Buddhist/Christian retreat at the Amaravati Buddhist monastery in Hemel Hempstead. Our two retreat leaders, Ajahn Sobhano, a monk at Amaravati and Dora Aljehazi Cameron-Brown, former abbess of Prinknash Benedictine Abbey, led by example. Each time Dom Aldhelm entered or left the hall, he bowed with deep reverence to the Buddha's shrine. On the Sunday, when the Eucharist was celebrated, Ajahn Sobhano prostrated himself towards the altar. At the end, Dom Aldhelm recalled celebrating the Eucharist in front of 900 monks in a Buddhist monastery in

India. There, the abbot had thanked him for bringing the living presence of Christ into their Buddhist home. Dom Aldhelm thanked the Buddhists of Amaravati for bringing the life of the Buddha into the hearts of the Christians present on this retreat.

The theme of the retreat was "approaching silence" and we learned that it is only through an authentic and profound silence that we can develop a rootedness in our own tradition which frees us to be open to the riches in another.

The retreat had been organised by the Thomas Merton Society and the life and writings of this Cistercian monk were the inspiration for this dialogue. Merton was regarded by Buddhists as one of the few people in the West who understood their tradition. In 1968, he was allowed to

leave his monastery to travel to Asia for a conference (where he was tragically killed in an accident).

Merton took on board concepts and ideas that took others months, even years to understand. It was as if from within his own silence as a monk he could grasp what a Buddhist monk was communicating out of his silence. On his way to the conference, Merton visited Sri Lanka, where he saw the famous reclining statues of the Buddha and Ananada. This experience had the most profound effect on him. He talked and wrote of seeing things at last for the first time. For a Buddhist this would be the experience of dharma-kaya — emptiness.

Two weeks ago, a conference was held in Southampton exploring aspects of Merton's

life and writings. Remaining true to Merton's openness to inter-faith dialogue, meditation was led by a member of the Nimatullah Sufi Order. This was an evocative experience where the fast beating heart, represented by rapid drumming, comes into intimate contact with the all-loving God, represented by beautiful flute music. This mystical side of Islam is not widely known or appreciated, yet in the 1920s, Merton was in regular correspondence with people from this tradition.

Ajahn Sobhano led us in a deep and quiet experience of Buddhist meditation; his presence was a witness to the ancient Theravadin monastic tradition which has done so much to value and protect the way of silence. Finally, a Christian took us through a profound and reflective period of meditation. All three experiences of meditation were eloquent in their silence. On the last day of the conference, Christians, Buddhists and Sufi joined together for a Eucharist which was concluded

with the chanting of a Buddhist blessing. Merton always pointed people to an authentic silence within themselves. From this silence, all things were possible.

This is what fuelled his own sense of inner peace and vision. It was a false silence if it

did not lead to a compassionate struggle for justice for the marginalised and dispossessed. Merton once remarked that the authentic hippy and the monk shared the same vocation, the call to sit on the margins of society and be critical, to see through the superficiality and hypocrisy of what the world had to offer. And to remind us that we are never fully alive until we know what it is to be fully human.

He saw through the noise and bustle of the world to the silent depths of which we are all capable. Merton urges us to

discover the contemplative within, to walk with those of other traditions and learn to approach silence together.

Danny Sullivan is senior lecturer in religious studies at La Sainte Union College and chair of the Merton Society

Doonesbury



BY GARRY TRUDEAU

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Bristol & West BS	Instant Access Postal	Postal	5.75	Yty
Northern Rock BS	Great North Postal	Postal	6.50A	Yty
Notice Accounts and Bonds				
Coventry BS	Postal 50	50 day (P)	2,000	5.45
First National BS	90 Day Notice	90 day (P)	10,000	6.20
Chelsea BS	120 Account	120 day	25,000	6.50
Nottingham BS	Fixed Rate Bond	1.8.99	1,000	7.25
First Tesses (tax free)				
Sun Banking Corporation	5 year	5,000	6.575	7.50 (F)
NatWest Bank	5 year	5,000	5,000	7.45 (F)
Birmingham Midshires BS	5 year	1,000	1,000	7.25
Principality BS	5 year	500	500	7.00
Follow-on Tesses (tax free)				
Sun Banking Corporation	5 year	9,000	9,000	7.50 (F)
Northern Rock	5 year	9,000	9,000	7.50
NatWest Bank	5 year	5,000	5,000	7.45 (F)
Birmingham Midshires BS	5 year	1,000	1,000	7.25
National Savings Accounts and Bonds (gross)				
Investment accounts	1 month	20	5.00	Yty
		500	5.50	Yty
		25,000	5.75	Yty
Income bonds	3 month	2,000	6.25	Mthly
		25,000	6.50	Mthly
Capital bonds: Series J	5 year	100	6.65 (F)	OM
First Option bonds	12 month	1,000	8.25 (F)	Yty
		20,000	8.50 (F)	Yty
Pensioners Guaranteed Income bond: Series 3	5 year	500	7.00 (F)	Mthly
National Savings Certificates (tax free)				
43rd issue	5 year	100	5.35 (F)	OM
9th Index linked	5 year	100	2.50 (F)	OM
			+ inflation	
Children's bond: Issue H	5 year	25	6.75 (F)	OM

Two banks move to beef up security measures following fraud attempts

Cliff Jones

SAVE & Prosper customers and Co-op Bank staff have been told to be more vigilant over fraudsters.

Save & Prosper has written to customers after a number of account holders reported receiving letters requesting personal information. In some cases, customers were told they had won cash prizes and simply needed to fill in a form with their bank details and a specimen signature to collect their winnings.

A letter from the bank warns customers that this information could enable a fraudster to write to the bank and request a transfer of funds or even a change of address.

Chris Leyden, Banking Services Manager for Save & Prosper, said: "Once people provide their details and a signature it is relatively easy to send the bank a fraudulent letter and carry out transactions without the legitimate holder's knowledge."



personal banking customers to be particularly vigilant.

Security measures at the Co-op Bank's telephone banking centre have been criticised by the Data Protection Registrar following a Money Guardian investigation last September. The bank has told the Registrar that it has changed its procedure of asking for two of the four personal identification numbers (PIN) in numerical order and

now requests them in random order. Under the old system, savestoppers could easily guess the account holder's PIN number to gain access to their bank account.

But further investigation by Money Guardian has revealed that the practice has not been changed and the bank continues to request the customer's PIN numbers in numerical order.

What is more worrying is that Money Guardian was twice able to access account details without quoting the PIN number. Bank staff confirmed the caller's identity simply by asking for the account holder's address, date of birth, details of a standing order and the last debit — all of which could be obtained from a bank statement.

By contrast, Save & Prosper's telephone banking service uses a six- to 12-letter password and asks for letters in non-sequential order.

The Data Protection Registrar said that security measures within telephone banking "rely on the integrity of the banking staff and telephone operators" and it would emphasise to the bank "the importance of staff training in avoiding compromise of the identity confirmation procedure to ensure compliance with the Data Protection Act."

The mortgage market

Fixed Rates (rate cannot go up or down during stated period)	Rate %	Period	Max LTV %	Fee £	Incentive
Scarborough BS	0.05	for 1 year	70	0.75%	
First Mortgage	3.75	to 1.7.98	75	275	
West Bromwich BS	5.99	to 1.6.99	85	295	£300 cash rebate
Northern Rock BS	7.24	to 1.9.01	95	295	
First-time buyers (variable unless shown)					
Principality BS	1.00	to 1.7.97	90		
Coventry BS	3.76	to 1.7.98	95		
Northern Rock BS	4.24	to 1.8.99	95	£295	
Halifax BS	5.89	to 30.8.01	90		£300 towards costs & free valuation
Discounted Variable Rates					
Scarborough BS	0.95	for 1 year	95	£150	
Principality BS	3.80	to 1.7.98	90		
Halifax BS	4.59	to 30.9.99	90		Free valuation
Bradford & Bingley	5.79	for 5 years	85		6 mths free ASU. Remits - £250 rebate

*F = Fixed rate (all other rates variable). (P) = Net rate. (F) = Interest paid on maturity. (F) = by post only. All rates subject to change without notice. Please check all rates before investing. All rates (except Guaranteed Income Bonds) are shown gross. MIP = Mortgage Interest Premium. ASU = Accident, sickness and unemployment. Sources: Moneyfacts. Offers may be withdrawn without notice.

Battle continues to rage on home loan front

Jan Wylie

BORROWERS can look forward to another year of mortgage price wars as the largest building societies gear up for a confrontation with the newly converted banks.

Following last month's building societies conference, the chief executives of the largest remaining societies have formed a council of war which will devise a strategy to promote the message that societies deliver better mortgage and savings rates than banks. Led

by Brian Davis, chief executive of the Nationwide, the task force includes bosses of the Bradford & Bingley, Yorkshire, Fortman, Coventry and Skipton building societies. The group has still to decide what form of co-operation they will pursue, but a "customer charter" for building society members has been mooted as a first step.

Other possibilities could include agreement on a common form of loyalty bonus scheme, offering building society members conversion-style cash payments. Last week, the Britannia Building Society announced details of its £35 million bonus scheme which will pay an average of £40 to each member this year.

The worry for building societies is that their share of the mortgage lending market will fall to between 25 and 30 per cent when the Halifax, Woolwich, Alliance & Leicester and Northern Rock forsake mutuality next year to become banks. According to David Holmes, a spokesman for the Yorkshire Building Society, the first fruits of the co-operation will be seen by the end of this year, but he says there is no question of the group becoming a cartel. He says: "There is a real need to promote the tangible benefits of building society membership. Building societies want to be singing from the same hymn sheet, but there won't be any artificial aligning of mortgage or savings rates."

While Mr Davis has just become chairman of the Building Societies Association (BSA), the group's formation will further undermine the BSA's standing among its members. The BSA shares premises and a secretariat with the Council of Mortgage Lenders (CML) which represents banks as well as building societies, and the Association has been criticised for not doing enough to stem the tide of plc conversions.

The price war in the mortgage market continued this week when the Cheltenham & Gloucester, which converted last year, cut its variable rate to 6.5 per cent. Under its Mortgage Price Promise scheme, C&G undercuts the average mortgage rate charged by the five other largest lenders. The Alliance & Leicester has also lowered the rate on its three-year fixed mortgage from 6.85 per cent to 6.75 per cent.

Best investment trusts

Over 5 years	£	Based on £100 invested on offer to bid basis	Over 10 years	£
TR Technology Ord (1998)	712.22	Cardover	887.29	
TR Far East Income Wts	479.41	North Atlantic Smaller Cos	726.63	
Abrust New Dawn Wts	431.43	Rights & Issues-Inv (1998)	703.05	
JF Philippine	408.09	Rights & Issues-Cap (1998)	693.26	
London American Growth	392.29	Law Debenture Corporation	614.82	
Sector average	187.07	Sector average	330.30	

Best unit trusts

Over 5 years	£	Based on a £100 invested offer to bid basis	Over 10 years	£
Prolic Technology	502.82	Invesco South & East Asia Gth	616.30	
Mercury Gold & General	474.59	Abbey Asian Pacific	609.09	
Hill Samuel US Smaller Cos	432.84	Glaxo Hong Kong	733.93	
Schroder US Smaller Cos	400.06	Thornton Tiger	681.84	
Gartmore American Emerg Gth	397.63	Fidelity South East Asia	680.14	
Sector average	180.50	Sector average	378.06	

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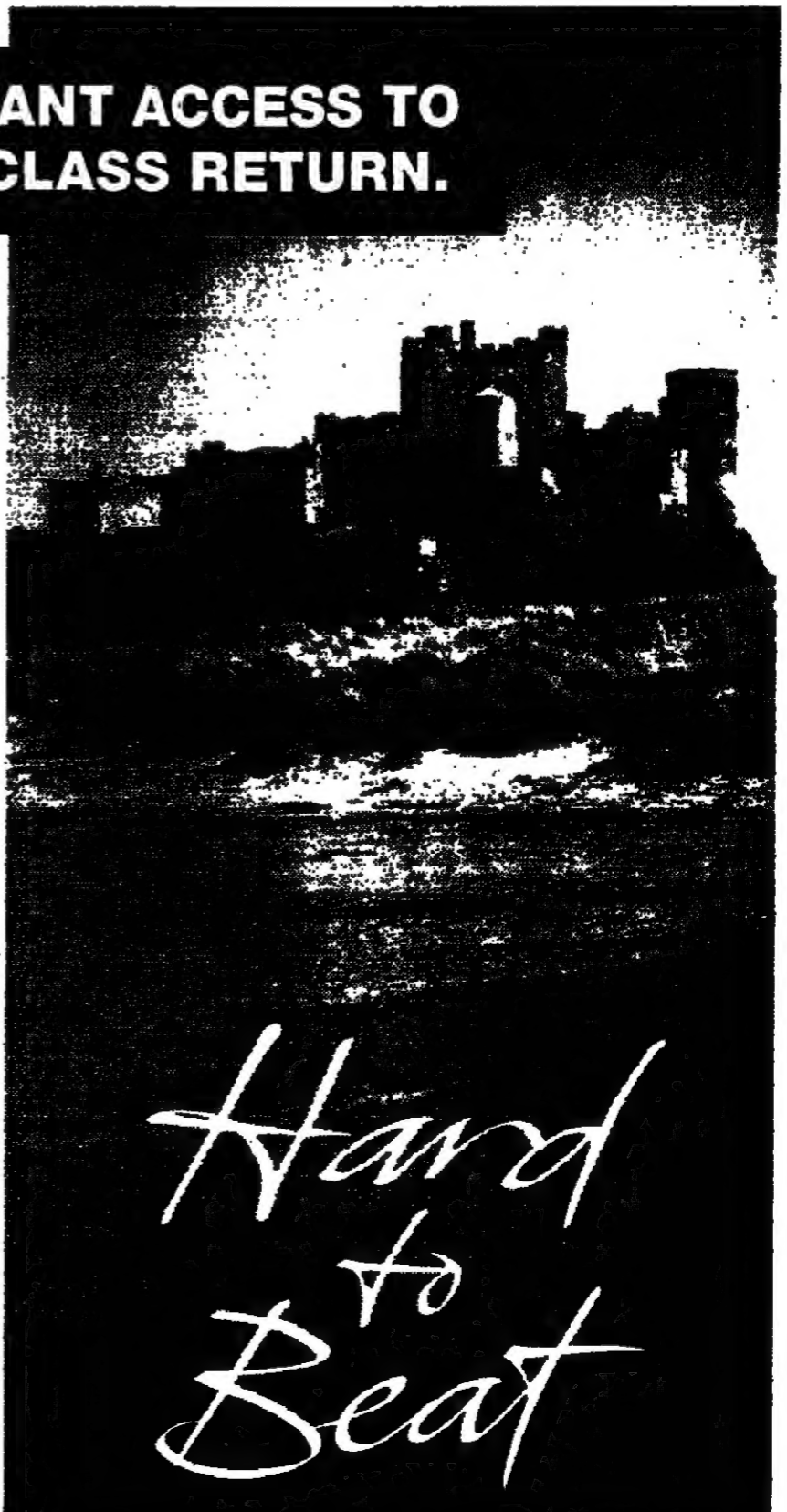
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Facia saviour is bankrupt

Grosvenor says firm was not told

Patrick Donovan
City Editor

WILLIAM Grosvenor, the entrepreneur and well connected cousin of the Duke of Westminster, who is heading attempts by Texas American Group to take over the troubled Facia retail company, last night admitted that he is bankrupt.

Mr Grosvenor, aged 54, a pageboy at the Queen's 1953 Coronation, who is acting as chief executive officer of the US-listed company trying to buy Britain's second largest privately-owned retail chain, has a spent conviction for tax fraud in Britain, for which he received a 12 month suspended sentence and a £1,000 fine in 1980.

He pleaded guilty to plotting to defraud the Inland Revenue by attempting to pass off the £5,500 costs of a grouse shoot as a tax deductible business expense. This conviction is considered spent under the Rehabilitation of Offenders Act.

Texas American announced on Thursday that it had agreed to buy Facia, which had been seeking capital. Facia, headed by Stephen Hinchliffe, operates 550 specialty shops, with high-street names including Sock Shop, Salisburys, Red or Dead, and Contessa.

Mr Hinchliffe, whose affairs have been investigated by the Department of Trade and Industry, also controls shoe shops including Freeman

Hardy & Willis and Curtess, which he took over from Sears. As the cash crisis surrounding Facia escalated, Sears yesterday served a petition in the High Court to put the shoe operations into administration. Sears still has an interest in the companies as part of a staggered settlement deal. It is putting £25 million aside to cover the disposal costs and is suspending plans to sell a further interest in the Saxe chain to Facia.

It is understood Sears has been increasingly concerned at the running of Facia and took the action after the company defaulted on a £4 million worth of rental payments which became due yesterday. Sears is believed to have little confidence in Texas American's plans for the company.

Mr Grosvenor yesterday accepted that his bankruptcy could affect his credibility as a businessman. He added that he had told his US partners but had not informed Facia about his bankruptcy.

Helen Clark, a lawyer at the City firm of Eversheds, said that she had made a bankruptcy order in the High Court on 19 October, 1994. "As yet there has been no distribution to creditors and Mr Grosvenor remains bankrupt," she said.

Later that year, on November 24, a Dublin solicitor, Denis Murnaghan, obtained judgment against Mr Grosvenor and two other defendants for £350,000 plus costs which have been estimated at more than £100,000. The judgment remains unpaid.

Mr Grosvenor yesterday said he was not a director of the Texas American Group but was acting as its chief executive. He added: "We have come to an agreement to make a contract (to take over Facia)." The deal would be funded out of the company's own resources.

Mr Grosvenor said that the company had not submitted up to date filings with the US Securities and Exchange Commission because of the need to take into account recent acquisitions.

According to other documents about Texas American filed in Washington, the company is said to have interests in Internet lottery and casino games. It has stakes in a Nevada hotel development and Portuguese holiday businesses. Facia last night declined to make any comment. The company has been looking for a capital injection of around £40 million. It is more than six months late filing its accounts for the year ending January 1995. Accounts for its Sock Shop subsidiary are heavily qualified by the auditors.

The DTI investigation into Mr Hinchliffe's affairs are understood to focus on the 1993 collapse of Boxgrey, a company sold by the Sheffield-based entrepreneur shortly before it collapsed.

Mr Grosvenor is known in the City as an entrepreneur who has also worked as a financial public relations adviser. His name regularly appears in newspaper social pages because of his family connections. He is related to the Aga Khan as well as the Duke of Westminster. He was married in 1966 to Ellen Seeliger, daughter of Germany's Ambassador to Mexico. His mother was one of the three daughters of the third Lord Churston.



Spent conviction... William Grosvenor on his way to court in 1980 when he admitted plotting to defraud the Inland Revenue over the costs of a grouse shoot

Saturday Notebook

Failing brakes on boardroom pay



Edited by
Alex Brummer

ANYONE who believed that the boardroom pay bandwagon would be brought grinding to a halt by the work of the Greenbury Committee will be disappointed by the outcome of this year's Guardian Index of Top Company Pay. Greenbury has made it much easier for stakeholders to track what is going on with executive remuneration, but as yet it has failed to instil a culture of restraint.

Of course, the main disharmony about boardroom pay was with the public utilities, where monopolists with not readily transferable skills were racking up large increases, bonuses and share option packages.

Some of that is still going on. The bout of takeover fever which struck the water industry this week is already throwing up some extravagant outcomes. The bidding war for Southern Water, for instance, will allow William Courtney, the chairman, to collect some £1.3 million for his shares and options. No doubt as we see more water amalgamations, and as the utility accounts (most of the companies have a later year-end) start to come in, there will still be plenty to study in the utilities sector.

There is nothing wrong with high executive pay per se. Many executives of our largest corporations would argue that like Guinness Vaini, Chelsea's trophy signing from Juventus, they operate in a global marketplace.

Certainly, in the case of some of the highest earners in the Guardian Index, that appears a reasonable argument. Sam Chisholm of BSkyB operates in a genuine global media marketplace and has delivered. The same could be said for the UK's pharmaceutical giants, which have created centres of research and industrial excellence for Britain. Their skills could, one supposes, be easily transferable globally at matching, if not more generous, salaries.

But that is not the only way of judging executive pay levels. At a time when ever more executives (Sir Desmond Pither of United Utilities being the latest) are paying lip service to the stakeholder economy, there needs to be more congruence between pay in the boardroom and that on the shopfloor.

The dislocation between rate of increase of executive pay and that of the great mass of employees (whose average earnings rose 3.25 per cent last year) is grotesque.

It does nothing to encourage pay restraint among the ordinary worker but, more importantly, widens differentials at a time when Britain is enjoying great plaudits from the OECD for the structural reforms of its economy, which have helped to increase competitiveness and productivity.

What makes the levels of executive pay particularly galling is that in many cases in our survey greater profits have been harvested on the back of down-sizing, which, whatever its benefits, must be considered morally reprehensible.

Finally, despite the elaborate efforts to develop a culture of corporate governance, designed to protect the interests of all shareholders, there

is a reluctance of the non-executive directors to pause and say "No" when faced with proposals for over-generous pay increases.

In some cases, such as British Gas, the failure of the non-executives to gain a grip on remuneration has done immeasurable harm in terms of reputation and image. In an increasingly non-inflationary economy, double-digit rewards in the boardroom will continue to undermine the social coherence in Britain's workforce.

Close race

THERE has been some concern that the absorption of the City's larger names — from SO Warburg to Kleinwort — into more globalised European investment banks would be the death knell of traditional service-based merchant banking in London.

In fact, what it seems to have done is to reinvigorate the second-line merchant banking houses, which have seen an opportunity to build a broader client base and asset management businesses in a part of the forest abandoned by their larger competitors.

The decision by Close Brothers to take over the corporate finance division of Hill Samuel (acquired by Lloyds Bank with TSB), whose clients included British Rail, the Channel Tunnel Rail Link and the miracle technology stock MAID Plc. is a decisive step in developing the second tier.

Although little known, Close Brothers is now the UK's third largest quoted merchant bank, with a market capitalisation of \$458 million.

Together with Singar & Friedlander, which is pushing hard in fund management, and Guinness Mahon, which takes a special interest in film finance and the fast-growing multimedia sector, it is enjoying something of a renaissance now that some of the largest players have vanished. Let us hope they have learnt some prudent lessons from their sometimes patchy histories.

Rental ratchet

BRITISH Telecom's decision to raise rental charges seems at odds with its blarney that it is losing customers to competitors, especially the cable companies.

The sums involved — less than £1 a quarter — are pretty small. But the increase will be a useful extra argument for BT's rivals, as they try to persuade customers to switch to their own telephone services.

Telephone companies get away with claiming that they offer the best value for money because myriad individual call patterns make it complex to calculate cost savings, while quality of service is very subjective.

The biggest barrier to switching phone companies, a change of number, will increasingly disappear as number portability becomes more widespread later this year.

So when it comes to persuading customers to leave BT, no salesmen or marketing manager is going to pass up the opportunity of pointing out that BT is the company which raises rental charges.

It is a point which will carry force with those people who make only a modest number of calls. They have seen less benefit from the group's reduction of call charges than have high spenders.

On the other hand, they generate little profit for BT, which will probably not grieve greatly over their loss.

Lucas takes US partner in £3.2bn merger

Variety deal takes UK automotive supplier into global top ten. CHRIS BARRIE reports

MOTOR components and aerospace group Lucas Industries ended its worldwide search for a partner yesterday by announcing that it had agreed terms for a £3.2 billion merger with the American company Variety, creating the eighth largest automotive supplier in the world.

The merger will lead to several hundred job losses, mostly in administration, and a one-off restructuring charge of £20 million, Lucas chairman Sir Brian Pearce said.

The deal should improve the group's ability to win international contracts by bringing together the Lucas and Variety product ranges.

Sir Brian said Lucas had examined a number of companies with a view to merger but the deal had not talked to any other group. Although he insisted that Lucas would have a bright future without such a deal, City analysts said the merger would give both companies the global reach

needed to compete in car and truck markets.

Lucas shareholders will receive Lucas Variety shares representing 62 per cent of the new organisation. Variety shareholders will receive American Depository Receipts, representing the other 38 per cent.

The group will be based in the UK, although not necessarily in the West Midlands, where Lucas has been one of the region's biggest and most prominent employers.

Sir Brian becomes chairman of the new group, while Variety's chief executive, Victor Rice, moves across in the same role. George Simpson, Lucas's chief executive, is credited with overseeing the deal but has already announced his departure to head GEC.

The merger creates a group supplying brakes, diesel engines and injectors, electronics, electrical systems and aerospace components in key markets in Europe, the US and

Asia. Lucas Variety will have sales of £4.4 billion, a market capitalisation of £3.2 billion, and 55,000 employees.

In the longer term, Lucas will supply injection systems and electronics for Variety's diesel engines. Lucas expertise in braking should complement Variety's skills.

Finance director John Grant said conservative estimates suggested costs could be cut by £65 million in the

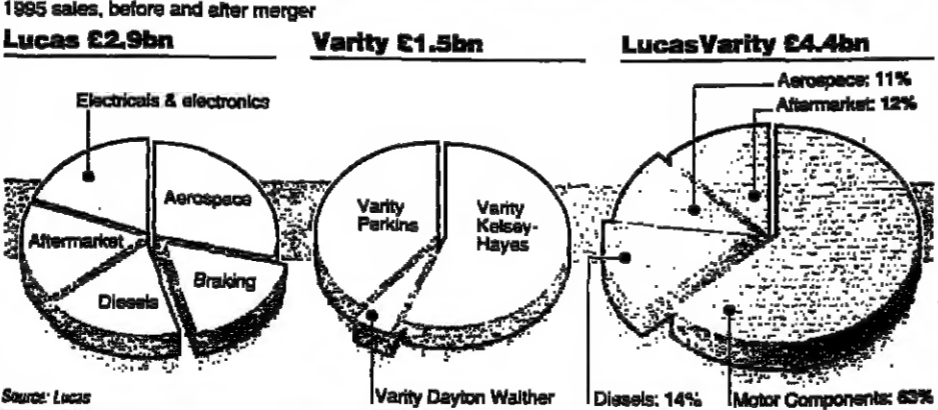
second full year of merger. Another 165 million should come from tax synergies over three years.

The deal, which is subject to regulatory clearance in Europe and the US, will not be completed until September at the earliest. The agreement includes a "break-up fee" of £25 million (£16.7 million) payable should either side withdraw. The fee was included at Variety's stipulation

as compensation against intervention by a third party — such as a hostile bidder for Lucas.

Lucas shares ended the day 14p higher at 245p. Investors will receive a second interim dividend, of 4.9p a share. Lucas said it had yet to decide how to rework the executive share option scheme, worth £7.25 million, to senior managers at yesterday's closing price.

Lucas Variety merger



Lloyds TSB offloads part of Hill Samuel inheritance

Financial staff

HILL Samuel, the merchant bank with a troubled recent history, is to sell its corporate finance unit to Close Brothers, one of the country's largest independent investment banks.

The deal will more than double Close's corporate finance arm, while relieving Lloyds TSB of part of the unwanted Hill Samuel inheritance.

The newly-privatised TSB bought Hill Samuel for £77 million shortly before the Black Monday stock market crash in October 1987. Since then, for its critics, the investment bank has symbolised all that was wrong with TSB's strategy.

Unofficially, Hill Samuel has been up for sale for years. Lloyds and TSB merged last October and attempts have been made to find a buyer.

The deal, announced yesterday, does not take in Hill Samuel's commercial or private banking operations. But at least a third has been found for part of the bank. The price has not been disclosed.

Alan Moore, deputy chief executive at Lloyds TSB, said: "Various options have been considered and we decided that Hill Samuel's corporate finance department and its clients would be best served by being part of an institution where specialist advice and corporate finance forms a core part of its business strategy."

Close will more than double its corporate client list, adding 50 Hill Samuel clients to its own 30.

"It would have taken them five years or more to get where they will be in a month's time," said Tony Cummings, a securities industry analyst for SBC Warburg.

MAM gets Lloyd's £10bn and a £1m ma'am

With Equitas, Mercury can afford the high rollers, says LISA BUCKINGHAM

CAROL Galley, the highly rated fund manager at Mercury Asset Management, yesterday blasted through the remuneration glass ceiling to become one of the world's few women to earn more than £1 million a year.

Ms Galley, whose corporate investment power was a critical factor in handing victory to Granada's Gerry Robinson in his recent £2.9 billion takeover tussle with the Forte hotels empire, was given a 29 per cent increase in her pay package in the latest financial

year, making her income to more than £1.1 million.

The annual report of Mercury Asset Management (MAM), which also shows two other directors were paid more than £1 million last year, states, however, that £400,000 of Ms Galley's package is deferred and will depend on her staying with MAM.

If the benefits of deferred equity gains are stripped out, Ms Galley is the second most highly paid executive at MAM, the country's largest independent fund management group, with more than £80 billion under its aegis.

Yesterday it clinched the top-notch contract to handle an interim fund management deal for Equitas, the multi-billion pound ball-out vehicle for the loss-ridden Lloyd's of London insurance market.

It is understood that MAM will handle the transfer of up to £10 billion of reserves from Lloyd's syndicates, which have traditionally held funds in cash or short-term investments, into the wider stock and bond markets in London, the US and overseas.

Shares in MAM shot up by 21p to 992p following Equitas' confirmation that the group would be awarded what is one

of the biggest fund management contracts seen in the London market.

MAM is now regarded as almost certain to end up as one of 10 to 15 permanent global fund managers charged with handling the Equitas portfolio. A decision on the other investment firms to be given a slice of the action is expected within two months.

The fund management contracts are regarded as some of the most prestigious awards for international investment groups, even though their profits on the deal may be kept by Lloyd's, which is understood to be keen to minimise the disruption to worldwide stock markets.

Equitas, which has been given conditional approval by the Department of Trade and Industry, is the lynchpin of Lloyd's reconstruction plans, which have to win approval from Names in time to pass the Government's solvency test at the end of August.

Essentially, Equitas will accept to invest money in order to pay all the old claims on the Lloyd's market. It is estimated that Equitas will have between £13 billion and £15 billion in funds, but some of these will stay within the organisation in order to meet immediate claims — most of which stem from asbestosis and pollution losses in the United States.

Britons go on a spree

Richard Thomas and Teresa Hunter

RECORD levels of consumer borrowing and a spring jump in house prices to a four-and-a-half year high fuelled hopes yesterday of an imminent boom in the domestic economy.

Households are taking on more debt to snap up high street bargains, according to figures from the Bank of England. Net consumer credit hit £1 billion in April, up from £780 million the previous month and the highest figure since the series began in 1983.

This prompted the Chancellor to claim that consumer confidence had returned to

the level of the last election and to advise the Prime Minister to delay the date of the next one as long as possible. "The longer he delays it, the better the economy will be," Kenneth Clarke said.

City analysts, who had pencilled in a modest £700 million figure for personal debt, welcomed the Bank's data as evidence of growing optimism in the personal sector.

Jonathan Loynes, of brokers HSBC Greenwell, said: "This is a pretty unambiguous signal that consumers are feeling more confident about the future, with the last Budget's tax cuts making themselves felt in people's pockets."

Bank officials said borrowing, buoyed by credit card

lending — which rose from £170 million to £200 million — had risen to levels last seen in the "Lawson boom" years of the late 1980s.

The Bank also said that the number of mortgages approved had risen to 84,000 compared to 81,000 in March. The Nationwide, Britain's second-biggest building society, said property prices were 1.4 per cent higher in May than they were a year ago — pushing the price of an average home to £23,909, the highest since December 1991.

Although values are still well below their peak of almost £63,000 in 1989, the Nationwide is confident that prices are on an upward trend.

Dame gives bank a wiggling

Tony May

THE green-wigged pantomime dame protesting that HSBC lacked a moral dimension was carried out by four bouncers at 12.30pm — before the board won a vote approving a controversial bonus scheme which will give executive directors salaries worth up to a quarter of their salaries (which average £219,000) if earnings outstrip inflation by more than 2 points.

The annual general meeting of the Midland Bank's owner had been going for one and a half hours, and for staid shareholders, lunch seemed perilously far away.

Time was when AGMs were conducted in a respectful atmosphere, with shareholders raising their voices only if the dividend was too low.

Now protest groups routinely use these occasions to probe for a moral pulse beneath the corporate flesh.

The chairman, Sir William Purves, tried the schoolmasterly approach and let the bouncers loose with evident reluctance. He dearly wanted to get across his message that "results for the first quarter of the current year are encouraging, with attributable profit ahead of our plan."

Most shareholders sympathised when he said: "In an environment where margins remain under competitive

pressure, our challenge for this year is to keep revenues growing faster than costs."

But the protesters — organised by students from 20 universities — focused on alleged financing of arms sales to Iraq by Midland Bank before it was acquired by HSBC (the Scott Report found there had been no impropriety) and its trade in countries with a bad civil rights record; and asked why the majority of board members were "male and white".

Answering criticism from a shareholder on the lenient treatment of the demonstrators, Sir William looked wistful as he said: "I hope that one day, before I retire, I can chair a meeting in London with a civilised atmosphere."

News in brief

Ex-MGM owner extradited

An American federal judge yesterday ordered Italian financier Giancarlo Parretti, one-time owner of film studio Metro-Goldwyn-Meyer, to be extradited to France, where he faces charges of fraud, theft and embezzlement. In a written ruling, US District Judge Stephen Hillman found that "the extradition of Parretti is proper."

New Thorn chief

Hugh Jenkins, former chairman of the giant Prudential Portfolio Managers, will become chairman of Thorn group when Sir Colin Southgate steps down next Spring following the demerger in August from its EMI music business. Thorn is also appointing Peter Hoiland, president of Denmark's Superfos, and Paul Preston, chief executive of McDonald's Restaurants in the UK, as non-executive board members.

Australia 1.8590	France 7.7025	Italy 2.333	Singapore 2.11
Austria 16.06	Germany 2.2825	Mex 0.940	South Africa 6.50
Belgium 46.85	Greece 364.40	Netherlands 2.5575	Spain 192.40
Canada 2.0225	Hong Kong 11.56	New Zealand 2.1925	Sweden 10.22
Cyprus 0.7025	India 53.77	Norway 9.1	Switzerland 1.975
Denmark 8.86	Ireland 0.9450	Portugal 236.25	Turkey 114.927
Finland 7.20	Israel 5.07	Saudi Arabia 5.72	USA 1.4975

Supplied by NatWest Bank (excluding Indian rupee and Israeli shekel).

Engineer

Softag grants a halt to over-austerity measures

The Communists have released their economic programme and, DAVID HEARST in Moscow finds, the comrades are all Keynesians now



Smiling through... Workers paste up an election poster of President Yeltsin and Moscow mayor Yuri Luzhkov. Yeltsin pledged to restore normal life for Russians impoverished since the Soviet Union collapsed. PHOTOGRAPH BY DINA KROZAVYEV

MOCKBY

Russia's old guard learns a new drill

It has taken two full weeks to release. It was preceded by well publicised rumours of furious internal dissent, all denied. But the economic programme of the Russian Communist Party is now out. Witheringly disdainful of the economic mistakes of the radical reformers, the Communists, too, have finally had to pin their colours to the mast. It has been painful to watch. Most of their time was spent denying they would follow policies of the far left — renationalisation of industry and the banks, re-imposition of price-fixing and exchange controls, the re-erection of import tariffs, and resurrection of central planning.

Neither of the two main economic spokespeople for the Communists call themselves Communists. Tatyana Korvagina is a professional economist, a former Yeltsin adviser, who works in an institute formerly financed by the Ministry of Economics and knows the minister of economics, Yevgeny Yasin, very well. Last week Mr Yasin wrote a letter to his prime minister, Viktor Chernomyrdin, to say that if President Yeltsin carried out his campaign spending promises, Russia's foreign reserves of \$16 billion (\$10.4 billion) would be wiped out, the budget deficit would be unsustainable and the foreign exchange and securities markets would crash. Not in some distant future, but in September. Professor Korvagina simply smiled: "Chernomyrdin knows that too."

Soviet central planning beast. He is an industry chief. Before heading the entire military-industrial complex, Mr Maslukov was chief engineer of Izmay, a giant city-state of a plant which produced cars, Kalashnikov sub-machine guns and "a few other interesting things". Today Mr Maslukov sits in his office in the Duma and smiles when informed about Mr Yeltsin's manifesto pledge to support Russian industry. "If they have used something from our programme, this would be good news."

For him, there is no question of destroying Russia's relationship with the International Monetary Fund. "We are not speaking about closing Russia to foreign imports. We are talking about the regulation of imports by internationally accepted methods: quotas, licences and taxation. Belgium has a quota of 18,000 tons of Russian metal. We are ready to export 180,000 tons of metal, but the Belgian government defends the interests of Belgium metal producers. And that's as it should be."

"The West is not imposing any models of development on us. The IMF has an elaborated group of criteria which it applies to countries like Columbia and Peru in the same way it applies to Russia. The defect of today's government in Russia consists in the fact that it is incapable of organising its relations with the IMF, and incapable of determining Russia's role in the international division of labour."

For Yuri Maslukov there is no question of destroying Russia's relationship with the International Monetary Fund. "We are not speaking about closing Russia to foreign imports. We are talking about the regulation of imports by internationally accepted methods: quotas, licences and taxation. Belgium has a quota of 18,000 tons of Russian metal. We are ready to export 180,000 tons of metal, but the Belgian government defends the interests of Belgium metal producers. And that's as it should be."

touches. Import tariffs would be selective, protecting lower-quality goods where Russia's domestic industry can compete, but keeping the market for luxury foreign goods. Speaking with a large Sony television set behind him, and a Sony tape recorder in front, Mr Maslukov switched the conversation to television sets. The Soviet Union used to produce 11 million. It now makes 700,000 and imports seven million. He would want five million produced domestically and two million imported.

But free and open competition this is not. One of the criticisms of the second stage of privatisation, where the banks got their hands on large portions of Russian industry, is the way that entire industrial towns such as Norilsk, the world's leading nickel plant, were sold at a fraction of real market value. Little if anything remains of the Marxist-Leninist ideology which once inspired Gosplan. What remains is national pragmatism, and an absolute dread of letting Russia's factories close altogether.

Engineer's fate in bank's hands

Financial staff
GERMAN engineering group Kloeckner-Humboldt-Deutz, brought to the brink of collapse by a shock £270 million loss, said yesterday that it is working on a rescue plan with its main shareholder and banker, Deutsche Bank, as well as other creditors.

The governments of North Rhine Westphalia and Cologne, where KHD is based, are reported to be taking part in the talks to save the equipment-to-cement company; a decision is expected next week. Time could be important. Under German law, if a company is facing possible bankruptcy, it has only 21 days to work out a rescue plan before having to start insolvency proceedings.

The talks are continuing, said KHD's Stefan Muehler. "It is likely we will have a press conference next week to announce what will be done." A spokeswoman for the authorities in Cologne, where more than half KHD's 9,000 workers is employed, said: "We certainly do not rule out direct subsidies, as long as they are within regulations and financially feasible."

KHD was brought to the brink after discovering "actual and potential losses" which it claims were concealed by managers at its Humboldt Wedag subsidiary. Deutsche Bank, which owns just under 50 per cent of the company, acquired its holding as part of a previous restructuring programme which saw Germany's biggest bank invest some DM500 million in the company.

The other non-Communist Communist is Yuri Maslukov, chairman of the economic committee of the Duma, formerly vice-premier and chairman of Gosplan, the flawed board members. Prosecutors are investigating claims that third parties were involved. The affair is the latest in a series of setbacks for Deutsche Bank. It was hit by losses at Metallgesellschaft and then again by problems at the Schneider property group whose head, Jürgen Schneider, is now in jail in Germany, awaiting trial.

Sofia grinds to a halt over austerity measures

Financial staff
TRAFFIC in the Bulgarian capital, Sofia, was gridlocked again yesterday as taxi drivers resumed a blockade of parliament square in the city centre over rising petrol prices.

Major to minor as Italian discos begin to miss beat

John Glover in Rimini
IT'S a metal, motorised samba, an endless line of cars driving nose to tail along the seafront in Rimini, the Italian seaside town that is the spiritual capital of the country's disco industry. Out of season, Saturday night is samba night. In the holiday season it's every night, as young holidaymakers cruise through town before heading for nightspots scattered around Rimini and the surrounding countryside.

Once they would drive from one disco to another. Now, after years of crescendo, the music in Italian discotheques has slowed and gone into minor key. Italy's disco industry is suddenly having to come to terms with picky customers, increasingly reluctant to part with their hard-earned cash, and unconvinced over whether to go dancing or to do something else. Though the disco remains the queen of the night, it is having to come to accept the growing popularity of alternatives such as discobars, pubs and live music.

The kids would just have gone somewhere else... the law didn't affect bars, says Mr Sanese. The idea fell with the last parliament but the industry still worries that it may be revived by the new one. Club-owners complain that they are taxed unfairly hard. On top of Italy's high standard rate of tax, they have to pay an especially high rate for performing rights. This pushes up the tax take to more than 60 per cent, they say.

The higher fuel prices are part of an austerity package brought in by the government in an attempt to tackle the country's economic crisis. "It has been difficult for me to survive on my 5,000 lev (£23) monthly wage but now I have no hope," said Boryana Tsoleva after learning that coffee prices had doubled overnight. Many shops remained closed as their owners marked up prices of goods following the government's four per cent increase in VAT to 25 per cent on Thursday.

Club-owners complain that they are taxed unfairly hard. On top of Italy's high standard rate of tax, they have to pay an especially high rate for performing rights. This pushes up the tax take to more than 60 per cent, they say. "Keeping only 40 per cent of the takings just isn't enough," says Mr Sanese. In fact, not many cough up that much — off the record, club-owners admit that tax evasion is rife. In spite of its difficulties, the Italian disco industry remains enormous. According to the SILB, there are more

than 5,000 discos, with an average capacity of about 1,000. Italians are prepared to spend money, too. Figures published by the SIAE, the organisation which collects performers' rights, show that in 1994 Italians spent almost 2.4 trillion lire (\$1 billion) on entertainment. In Emilia-Romagna, the region to which Rimini belongs, more than 51 per cent went into club-owners' tills.

Worried citizens rushed to stockpile consumer goods or to convert savings into dollars in anticipation of higher inflation. Some restaurants started putting dollar prices on their menus due to wild swings in the currency. The government's measures are designed to raise an extra 140 billion lev to help pay for economic reforms agreed last Monday with the International Monetary Fund.

On some estimates, the disco industry accounts for about 150,000 jobs. Rimini, for example, has profited from its position as spiritual home to discothecians by hosting every March the industry's most important annual trade fair, where those from lighting manufacturers to interior designers display their wares.

When Nightwave closes at midnight, visitors can get into their cars and join the samba through town before heading for the nightlife. Most will be out until four in the morning but not necessarily at a disco.

On Wednesday, the company filed charges against 15 of the subsidiary's employees, including the chief executive and two other management

European Business is edited by Mark Miller

ALEX DUVAL SMITH reports on the marketing of a classic



Saint Laurent à bas couture

A FRENCH mail-order firm has secured what must be the fashion coup of the year — a deal to let Yves Saint Laurent's legendary women's dinner jacket in its catalogue. The cover of La Redoute's autumn-winter catalogue will feature the supermodel Sybil Buck sporting a genuine YSL evening snit, in wool and polyester.

Launched in 1966 and featured in every YSL collection since, the women's evening suit was made famous in Britain by the Princess of Wales. Her made-to-measure version costs France 12,000 (\$1,500) at YSL in Paris. La Redoute's costs a mere Fr 2,600 (£350).

YSL's decision to enter the mass market with such a classic design comes at a time when haute couture companies are struggling for business. Fashion observers say the top Paris couturiers shared 15,000 clients in 1994, against fewer than 300 now.

During the last three years, the number of designers at the Paris haute couture shows has dropped from 21 to 14. With the cost of creating a collection at around 2,000,000 — and supermodels charging up to \$1.5,000 per show — couturiers such as Grès, Lanvin and Cardin are reported to be laying off staff.

Getting the taste... Sybil Buck in La Redoute's edition of the timeless YSL dinner suit.

صحة من الاجل

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Fax: 0171-833-4456

Finance Guardian

The gold diggers of Britain plc

Members of the £1 million pay club earn in one week what the average man earns in a year. So the results of a new Guardian investigation, showing that Britain's top bosses awarded themselves increases of 19 per cent last year, will add fuel to the fire in the election run-up. Today, LISA BUCKINGHAM and SARAH WHITEBLOOM look behind the headlines to expose the truth about boardroom excess



THE capacity of Britain's boardrooms to cause untimely political upsets has been underlined with the disclosure that top executives gave themselves pay rises last year of nearly 19 per cent — roughly five times both inflation and the average increase in earnings.

Such large pay rises at the top of industry are bound to embarrass the Prime Minister, who attempted to neuter the debate on executive remuneration by establishing the Greenbury Committee to investigate the entire issue.

But, while the standard of disclosure in annual reports has improved, the new agenda has done little to dampen the pace of directors' pay rises.

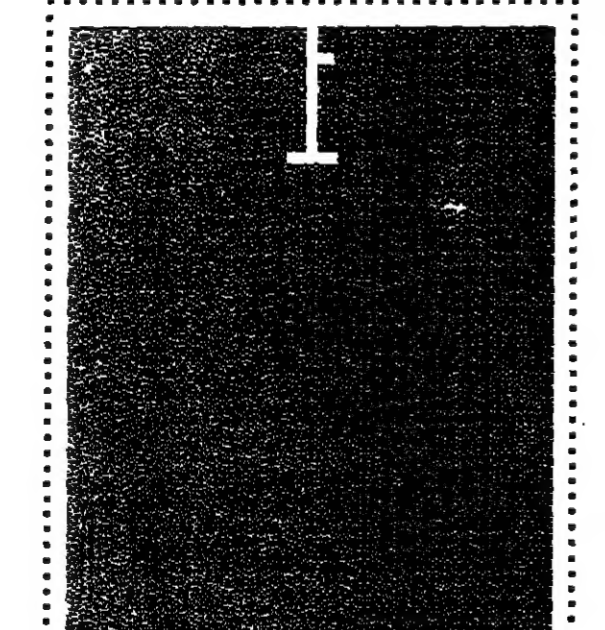
The 10 most highly remunerated bosses all earned more than £1 million, the equivalent of £19,230 every week — almost exactly what the average full-time male worker earns in a year.

Large salary rises — only nine FTSE-100 bosses took pay cuts last year — have, at least, been matched by company performance where earnings per share rose in the same period by an average of 24 per cent.

But that increase in earnings was primed by the loss of 25,000 jobs from FTSE-100 companies.

The Guardian Index of Top Executive Pay appears to show that the Greenbury Committee's advocacy of the idea that directors' earnings should be more closely linked to corporate performance is providing a short-term excuse for boardroom salaries to rise even more sharply.

And, although the committee's formation was prompted by public furor over the pay and perks at the top of newly privatised companies, government attempts to keep the lid on the debate are this year being tested by traditional and longer-term members of FTSE-100 companies.



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So far, very few of the privatised utilities and former government-owned corporations have published annual reports for 1995/96, so salary increases for their directors are not yet included.

In absolute terms, the 19 per cent average increase for the most highly-paid executives appears relatively modest.

The heady period of the late 1980s threw up average increases of 27 per cent and 33 per cent. Only with the sharp economic and profit downturn of the early 1990s did top pay begin to reign back, even dipping into single figures (9 per cent) for two of the survey years.

But the dislocation between the percentage increase in top executive pay and in average earnings has been wider only once in the past eight years when, in 1992, boardroom increases ran at 6.7 times the increase in earnings, compared with 5.3 times in the latest survey and a low of 1.2 times in 1981.

Only once since 1988 has the rate of executive pay rises run at such a large multiple of inflation. That was two years ago, when a profits rebound triggered bonus and incentive payments which ended by giving the most highly paid directors an average rise of around 25 per cent.

It is not only among the most highly paid directors that large increases have been seen. The enhanced role of non-executive directors following the Cadbury and Greenbury studies — which

placed greater emphasis on independent directors — is also being reflected in pay scales.

A notable, if untypical, example is Dick Giordano, currently executive but formerly non-executive chairman of British Gas and the man responsible for fuelling the top pay debate by agreeing to a 75 per cent pay rise for his then chief executive, Cedric Brown.

Mr Giordano earned nearly £840,000 last year from his FTSE roles which, in addition to his stewardship at British Gas, include BOC, mining group RTZ and drinks and

foods giant Grand Metropolitan. Almost as highly remunerated as a professional non-executive is Sir Peter Walters, the former boss of BP, whose chairmanship at Smith-Kline Beecham and Blue Circle, deputy chairmanship at HSBG and Thorn EMI plus a non-executive seat at the Saatchi advertising group, Corndiant, last year pulled in £458,000.

But industry chiefs argue that non-executive directors on remuneration committees are doing more to earn their money and are taking their duties more seriously.

Sir Michael Angus, non-executive chairman of Boots and deputy chairman of British Airways, said: "Remuneration committees are for the first time having to write a report themselves and, as a result, there is a greater feeling of accountability about."

The biggest pay rises

Sam Chisholm	BSkyB	203.00 per cent
Michael Green	Cariton	170.00 per cent
John Hoerner	Burton	70.95 per cent
Sir Richard Sykes	Glaxo	53.60 per cent
David Barnes	Zeneca	49.70 per cent

and windfalls is also improved, allowing shareholders to discover that on top of an apparently modest salary of £392,000, the Argos chief executive, Mike Smith, reaped profits of £614,900 on his options, while Richard Laphorne, the finance director at British Aerospace, netted £1.1 million on the sale of part of his option holdings.

He maintained that the emphasis was on ensuring a rigorous and proper process of setting remuneration rather than on restricting the rising level of directors' salaries.

Sir Michael said, however, that he had found that in general non-executives were "understanding their responsibilities" more clearly.

As yet, companies have been unable to dodge disclosing the sometimes enormous costs which substantial pay rises for older executives can mean in terms of pension benefits.

The Stock Exchange and Department of Trade and Industry are still deliberating which method should be used to calculate the cost of top executives' pension payments.

Even so, several senior directors were given six-figure pension payments. Peter Job, chief executive of Reuters, for example, was given a pension contribution of £128,000 while Sir David Lees, chairman of GKN, had a pension payment of £138,000.

Figures for pension contributions substantially larger than these are expected to emerge in next year's annual reports as companies come to grips with Greenbury's assertion that the true value of pensions should be disclosed.

Senior executives given large pay rises just a couple of years before retirement could well have pension benefits payments into seven figures.

It is clear from this year's Guardian Index that almost all companies have decided to follow the Greenbury recommendation that long-term incentive plans (LTIPs) should be installed to link the rewards of directors more closely with the fortunes of their shareholders.

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